HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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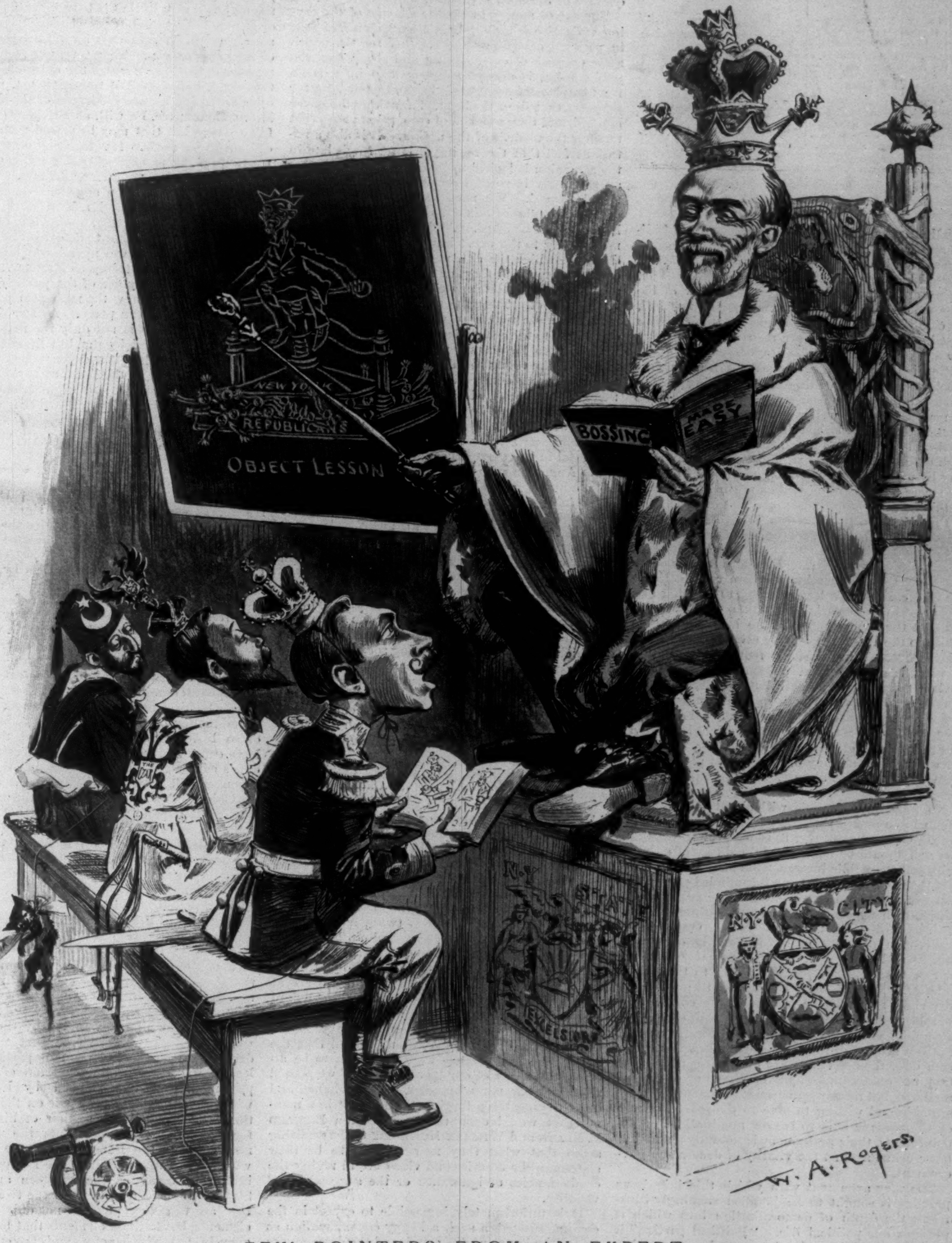

NEW YORK
REPUBLICANS
OBJECT LESSON
BOSSING MADE EASY
THE CZAR
ARMENIA
N.Y. STATE
EXCELSIOR
N.Y. CITY
W. A. Rogers.

A FEW POINTERS FROM AN EXPERT.
PLATT'S NEW SUNDAY-SCHOOL CLASS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
(Twenty-four Pages.)
New York City, May 9, 1896.

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RICH MEN IN POLITICS.

SOME time ago Mr. W. DUDLEY FOULKE, of Indiana, who is widely known as a man of uncommon ability, high character, and active public spirit, addressed an open letter to the press of his State, calling attention to the fact that, "in view of the supposed certainty of Republican success next fall, the candidates who are now pushing their claims most loudly and eagerly are men without distinction or experience in public life, whose chief qualification is the possession of great wealth, which it is believed they are willing to use, paying for the coveted honor by enormous contributions to the campaign fund, as well as in other ways." Mr. FOULKE further remarked that, so far, both political parties in Indiana had given their nominations for high places only to men who had worked up their way by public service, that the election of persons who were only distinguished as millionaires would be the introduction of a new element of corruption in the politics of that State, and that it would "involve greater injury to the honor of the State and to the national welfare than the mere success of either political party." The Republican press of Indiana has, so far as we know, taken very little notice of Mr. FOULKE'S letter, except to say that this was only the old socialistic talk against wealth, and that the mugwumps had no business to give advice to the Republican party anyhow.

Mr. FOULKE'S undoubtedly truthful description of what is going on in Indiana only shows the gradual spreading of an evil that has already manifested itself elsewhere in a most alarming form, and urgently demands the earnest attention of every patriotic citizen. And as a national election and many local elections are impending, in which the campaign fund may be expected to play an important part, a calm discussion of this subject is in season.

No fair-minded person will object to a public-spirited and active participation in politics by rich men. On the contrary, it is most desirable that the rich should be mindful of the duties of citizenship, and the public interest will suffer if they neglect them. Neither will any fair-minded person object to the election or appointment to public office of rich men whose character and acquirements are such as to fit them for public trust. On the contrary, men of large means frequently command leisure and other facilities which enable them to render themselves especially useful to the public interest. Men of wealth devoting themselves in the right spirit to the affairs of the community should therefore be heartily welcomed, and every avenue of advancement should be liberally opened to them according to their merits. But when rich men offer themselves or are chosen for public station, not on account of proved fitness or of service rendered, but merely on account of the money they are able and willing to give to the political party or the persons able to bestow nominations or appointments, their preferment is not only a scandal, but a crime against the vitality of democratic government.

The very argument with which this iniquitous practice is sought to be justified strikingly illustrates the depth of demoralization into which it plunges our political life. "Political parties," it is said, "need, in order to succeed, among other things, money. They reward those who aid them in their struggle for supremacy with offices. Have not those who aid their party with money just as good a claim as those who aid it with campaign speeches, or with committee work, or with service in bringing voters to the polls? And if a political party cannot get the necessary campaign funds on any other terms, why should it not obtain them from rich men on the same terms on which it obtains other kinds of assistance from other men?" There could hardly be a more scathing impeachment of the whole system of using public office as reward for party service of every kind than is presented by the specious logic of this argument. Every reward paid for party service at the public expense is immoral; but payments made in the shape of public office for mere money contributions are especially damnable, for they constitute corruption in the grossest form, and are fraught with consequences of the most pernicious nature.

The use of money in elections is one of the crying evils of our time. It is a notorious fact that in political campaigns the expense for the legitimate purpose of enlightening and stirring up the public mind is always supplemented by a large fund employed immediately before the election for purposes that shun the light. Sometimes the cover is lifted, and then a stench of corruption arises that tortures the nostrils of the nation. It is also a notorious fact that the raising of large funds late in the campaign is looked upon by party managers as an especially important service, entitled to exceptional reward. We need hardly point out what odious examples of this our recent political history has already furnished. And it is just this service, ministering to the worst kind of corruption in our elections, which the rich men are expected to render, and for which they, or at least some of them, ask for places in the Senate of the United States or in the cabinet. The more such ambitions are gratified, the more rich men will there be willing to contribute to the corruption funds, the more money will there be for corrupt practices in elections, the more will the voters be subjected to corrupt temptations, the more demoralization will spread among them, and the more will the very life-blood of democratic institutions be poisoned and vitiated. Of all the ways in which public office is used as a reward for party service, this is the most far-reaching and fatal in its consequences.

No American who has the honor and welfare of his country at heart can conceive the thought of seats in the Senate of the United States being bought by rich men with contributions to a corruption fund without feeling his blood tingle with shame and indignation. Indeed, what will become of the republic if its high places are for sale, and to be occupied by persons unscrupulous enough to buy them? This is not the "old socialistic talk against wealth." We cannot think of anything more apt to stimulate and spread the socialistic and other destructive tendencies, the symptoms of which are sometimes alarming society, than the exhibition to the poor of the spectacle of high places of power in the government being in the grasp of millionaires, for no other reason than that they have money enough to pay for them. What answer will there be to the cry that such a government deserves contempt, hatred, and destruction?

THE DRIFT OF PARTIES.

THE country is interested in two ways in the conduct of the organizations that call themselves the two "great parties." It is interested, in the first place, in their doing as well as possible, and, in the second place, and with a view to their defeat, and perhaps their extinction, in their doing as ill as possible. It would be vastly for the benefit of the country, for example, if the two parties should agree that the single gold standard must be maintained, and that our laws of taxation should be arranged for procuring revenue, and not for the enrichment of a few favored manufacturers at the expense of our commerce. The gold standard and unhampered trade have made Great Britain the richest and most prosperous country in the world. And if it were definitely settled that the policy of common-sense were no longer to be attacked by either of our "great parties," we should soon find our manufacturers, our merchants, and our carrying trade forging to the front in a manner that would open the eyes of even RICHARD P. BLAND and WILLIAM MCKINLEY to the realizing sense that what they now suppose to be their statesmanlike theories and views are in reality the crude fancies of ignorance or the suggestions of venality.

It is unfortunately impossible to expect in the coming campaign such a happy consummation as this. The ignorant, the venal, and the demagogues are in control of both the "great parties." In the Republican party the circumstances of the campaign for the nomination have forced Speaker REED into the position of a sound-money candidate. For this we have to thank, not Mr. REED, who has had nothing to say on the subject, but the Republican State conventions of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Mr. MCKINLEY, however, is still the leading candidate of the party, although the movement in his behalf has gone forward of late with less rapidity and noise than marked it a few weeks ago. He represents a tariff policy that is intelligible to most Republicans; and although some of the extreme silver men, who really want to join the silver Democrats in forming a new party, based on the "white metal," call him a "gold bug," they know that he will not stand in their way if he be elected President. His record shows that he possesses no principles or opinions that are antagonistic to his party majority in Congress, in State, or wherever the majority may be that is to be immediately reckoned with. In Ohio he does what the "boys" command, and in Washington he follows the dictates of the party caucus. Therefore, just as he always supported, as Congressman, the silver measures of the party, including the SHERMAN act, which he defended when he was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, he will, as President, sign any free-coinage bill that may be passed with the help of Republican votes. It is true that nothing is less likely than the passage of such a measure, but we are now considering Mr. MCKINLEY. The next President ought to be an aggressive enemy of the free-coinage heresy, but Mr. MCKINLEY will be a friend to it if its advocates stumble into power, and will certainly do nothing to defeat it and destroy it by making that active war upon it which is involved in the doing of such things as Mr. CLEVELAND has done for the maintenance of the public credit. It is this man who is now the most promising candidate of the Republican party. As Mr. WHITELAW REID truly says, he is not only the first choice of a large number of delegates, but he is the second choice of most of the QUAY degenerates from Pennsylvania, of many of the REED men, notably those from New Hampshire and Connecticut, and has even captured some delegates in the stronghold of Mr. PLATT.

The drift in the Democratic party seems to be also to the bad. The Massachusetts Democrats have pronounced for RUSSELL and gold, and have liberally and significantly praised Mr. CARLISLE. But the silver movement in the party is very strong. Notwithstanding the signs of revolt against Mr. BLAND and his theories that appeared in Missouri two years ago, the Missouri Democratic Convention held recently to elect delegates to Chicago was absolutely controlled by the partisans of BLAND, who is the ideal Presidential candidate of the kind of person foolish enough to advocate free coinage without having any pecuniary interest in silver-mines. The struggle which Congressman CLARKE made in Alabama for the Democratic nomination for Governor on the sound-money issue has resulted in his defeat, and in the triumphant nomination of his free-coinage opponent. Saddest news of all, it is reported that the sound-money Democrats of the State are possessed of so little principle that some of their leaders have consented to conduct the free-coinage candidate's campaign. It is possible that the free-coinage men will have a majority of the delegates to the Chicago Convention, although the sound-money Democrats hope to win. It is true that in a Democratic National Convention a nomination requires a two-thirds vote, but the majority determines the character of the platform, and if the platform is unsound, neither Mr. CARLISLE nor Mr. RUSSELL nor any other self-respecting opponent of free coinage will consent to be the candidate.

It may be, if the silver men are defeated in both conventions, that they will bolt, unite, and name a third ticket; but it would be better for the good men of the two parties to bolt and unite, because more is to be gained by the country through such a movement. Moreover, it cannot be denied that the nomination of Mr. MCKINLEY by the Republicans and of a man like Mr. BLAND by the Democrats would be logical, and would best represent the drift and tendencies of the two parties. McKinleyism is certainly an expression of Republican principles, and was reached by logical steps, while Mr. MCKINLEY'S attitude on the silver question is that of a large section of his party. As for Mr. BLAND, he represents the faction that now controls the Democrats of the Senate, and which is absolute master in the Democratic organization in many of the Western and Southern States. If the conventions of the two "great parties" are to give expression not only to the worst elements, but to those elements that have most frequently controlled caucuses and conventions, it may be for the interest of the country that Mr. MCKINLEY and Mr. BLAND should be the candidates, and

that the platforms should be as bad as Ohio Republicanism and Missouri Democracy can make them. Then right-thinking men would be forced to quit the old parties, and to act together in the defence of the country. And then, too, we should have a union in a new party of the best there is in the Democratic and Republican parties—a union that should have taken place long ago; a union that will inevitably put an end to the bosses and the politics that for years have disgraced and humiliated the country, and made a hollow mockery of our boasted self-government and our pretended rule of law and justice.

POLITICAL PARTIES IN CANADA.

At the approaching general election for the Dominion House of Commons the Canadian Conservatives are going to the constituencies on the old cry of the national policy. Coupled with it, however, there is a new one, brought from England by Sir Charles Tupper, recently High Commissioner in England. It is not unusual for Sir Charles Tupper to leave London for Ottawa when his party is in need of help. When he comes he usually starts a new party cry. He did so at the general election in 1891. The cry was then for a commercial treaty with the United States. It was said that a commercial treaty was pending, and the Conservatives asked for a large majority to strengthen the hands of the ministers in meeting the late Mr. Blaine. The majority was forthcoming; but there has been no commercial treaty, and soon after the election it became known that Sir Charles Tupper had made an unwarranted use of the name of Mr. Blaine, and that there was little or no ground for the statements which were made concerning the commercial treaty.

This time Sir Charles Tupper is raising the cry of closer commercial relations with the mother-country, and the establishment of a subsidized line of fast steamers between English and Canadian ports. Mr. Chamberlain's speech before the Canadian Club in London has shown how small is the chance that any closer commercial relationships with England can be established. Canada exports nothing but food stuffs and lumber to England, and even at a time when the Canadian-made phrase concerning England's splendid isolation is still tickling the ears of the English people, no statesman in England will dare to suggest in Parliament a tax on food stuffs. It would be much cheaper for England to ask Canada outright how much a year would secure a continuance of the loyalty-to-the-mother-country mood, and to pay cash down, than to revolutionize its whole fiscal system and go back to a protective duty on food stuffs and raw materials. Proposals like those of Sir Charles Tupper come at an inopportune time so far as England commercially is concerned. They are not likely to be listened to in face of the great upward movement in English exports shown by the Board of Trade returns since January. But the scheme will serve the purpose of Sir Charles Tupper equally well with the commercial-treaty dodge of 1891, and the Conservatives will also, as at previous elections, appropriate to themselves all the loyalty to England there is in Canada.

The Liberals, under the leadership of Mr. Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright, will go into the election not as free-traders, for free trade seems to be practically impossible in Canada, but as the opponents of the high protective policy inaugurated by the late Sir John Macdonald in 1879, and as advocates of a tariff for revenue only. The revenue tariff prior to 1879 averaged seventeen and a half per cent. The existing high protective tariff averages thirty-five per cent. If the Liberals are successful, they will revise the tariff according to their principles of fiscal reform; but in view of the fact that the debt of Canada is now $320,000,000, as compared with $179,000,000 in 1879, and as within that period population has increased little more than half a million, it will not be practicable for them to get back to the level of the last tariff for revenue.

Several constitutional changes are advocated by the Liberals. They insist that the Senate is utterly useless. Among the rank and file of the Conservative party there is only here and there a stickler for the English model of two Houses who will say a good word for the Senate. The attitude of the electors as a whole toward it is well shown by the fact that the daily newspapers so systematically neglected its proceedings as being of no interest to their readers that the Senate appointed a reporter to send out gratuitous reports of its proceedings. The Liberals desire the abolition of the Senate, and if they should come into office it is difficult to see how they can otherwise deal with it. For seventeen or eighteen years Conservatives have been appointed to every vacancy, until more than seven-tenths of its members are of that party. Under the constitution only a limited number of Senators can be appointed, even to break a deadlock; so that if the Liberals are returned, they will have to take bold measures with the Senate, or run the risk of having their bills wrecked in a Chamber which has been packed by their opponents.

Another change demanded by the Liberals is of the Dominion Franchise Act of 1885. This was as bold a piece of electioneering legislation as was ever perpetrated by a Parliamentary body. It has given the Conservatives an immense hold on the constituencies, as under it the government revise the election lists when they please, appoint the returning officers, and also the officers who make up the voting lists. This act, together with the gerrymanders of 1882 and 1892, has put the Conservatives in a position from which it seems next to impossible to dislodge them.

The Liberals also demand the overhauling of the Department of Public Works and the reorganization of the immigration system. Under the existing system Canada sends agents all over the world, drumming up immigrants, who do not stay, or who only replace Canadians who move across the border into the United States. For more than a generation past this system has cost the Dominion on an average $200,000 a year. On the Manitoba question the Liberals take their stand on provincial rights.

There is a third party in Canadian politics, known as the Patrons of Industry. They are strongest in Ontario, where they have elected seven or eight members to the Provincial Parliament. They are opposed to protection, and demand the abolition of the Senate. But economy is their cry, and they are seeking to elect a group of members which shall hold the balance of power in the House of Commons at Ottawa.

TWO BOSSES.

The Republican party in Pennsylvania has declared itself in favor of the nomination of Senator Quay for President. A few years ago the New York *World* published a detailed narrative which showed that this man had been an embezzler of public funds. The charge was not answered by Mr. Quay, nor did he see fit to meet the challenge of the newspaper in which the charge was published, and which offered to send a responsible person to Pennsylvania if Mr. Quay would agree to serve him with papers in a libel suit. Mr. Quay still rests under the odium of those charges, and neither the Republican party nor the voters of Pennsylvania can whitewash him by naming him for President, or by electing him and his creatures to public places. In doing these things they merely cover the party and the State with the disgrace which Quay has earned, and which all who approve of him must share.

In the State of New York the Republican party is under the control of an absolute master. As the party is, in its turn, in control of both branches of the State Legislature, and of the Governorship as well, it follows that the master of the party is the master of the State. New York is therefore governed by an irresponsible autocrat. This autocrat has not been chosen to exercise political power. He has no commission from the people. He is autocrat because those who do hold commissions from the people have wrongfully transferred their trust to him. They have done this because their political life depends upon the willingness of the autocrat to spend in their behalf the campaign funds which he controls. So laws are made and executed in New York in accordance with the will of Thomas C. Platt, and not necessarily in accordance with the will of the people. Under the rule of the Republican party the government of New York is republican only in form; for the time being it is an absolute ruler that governs, and he holds his office without warrant of law, or birth, or character.

No matter what the Democratic party may do, no matter to what depths it may descend, it cannot do worse than the Republican party has done, nor sink deeper than it has fallen in the two most populous States of the Union. The two States will have 136 delegates in the National Convention, and it behooves the Republican party at large to do precisely what will most deeply disappoint these 136 voices of Quay and Platt.

A VICTORY FOR CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

The Massachusetts Legislature passed, in 1895, over Governor Greenhalge's veto, an act which has been commonly known as the "Veterans' Preference Law." This act practically compelled all appointing officers to select veterans, in preference to all other men, for all vacancies in the civil service; and at the same time it freed all veterans from the necessity of passing any examination. The sworn statement of an applicant that he was qualified to perform the duties of the position which he seeks, accompanied by a certificate from three citizens of good repute in the community that they knew said applicant to be fully competent to perform such duties, was to be taken by the commissioners for the purpose of certification to the appointing power, and by the appointing power as conclusive upon the mental and moral qualifications of the applicant. The Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts has lately passed upon this statute, and has declared it unconstitutional, holding it to be inconsistent with certain articles in the Massachusetts declaration of rights "that the appointing power should be compelled by legislation to appoint to certain public offices persons of a certain class in preference to all others, and without the exercise on its part of any discretion, and without the favorable judgment of some legally constituted officers or board designated by law to inquire and determine whether the persons to be appointed are actually qualified to perform the duties which pertain to the offices." The act provided that nothing therein contained shall be construed to prevent the certification and employment of women.

This decision has saved the Massachusetts civil service act from breaking down. Since it has been in operation the different appointing officers have practically been confined to lists of unexamined veterans in making a selection, though, to be sure, many have appointed women to places formerly held by men.

The men who passed the act over the veto of the late Governor Greenhalge were probably not so anxious to help the old soldier as they were zealous to injure the cause of the merit system of making appointments. It was a most discreditable performance, and the decision of the Supreme Court illustrates forcibly the potent force of constitutional provisions in maintaining our institutions intact.

SOME MODERN BARBARISMS.

A few days ago two German officers fought a duel, and one of the two was killed. The other, it appears, is not likely to be punished, because the German Emperor and his military government uphold the practice of duelling as an essential feature of the army code of ethics. But the Reichstag, doubtless representing in this respect the sentiment of the nation, whose morality is more wholesome than that of the court, has unanimously adopted resolutions disapproving of duelling. In this country there are strict laws everywhere against the old barbaric custom of putting life in peril as atonement for injuries and insults, and the practice is dying out; indeed, it may be said to be entirely out of fashion in the United States.

But all barbarism is not dead here, and sometimes we are fronted by deeds of violence and cowardice that are more brutal even than the duel, and, compared with it, are almost as the Sudan is to Germany. We have our lynchings, as the whole world knows too well. In fact, in some parts of the world this criminal method of wreaking vengeance in the abused name of justice stands out as representative of our civilization, and recently a Spanish illustrated paper presented to its readers pictures of such irregular hangings by way of showing the civilization of the country that is threatening to make war on Spain in the name of humanity. False in substance as this view of us is, for whatever truth there may be in it, and for whatever opportunity our ill-wishers may have so to picture us, American citizens are responsible.

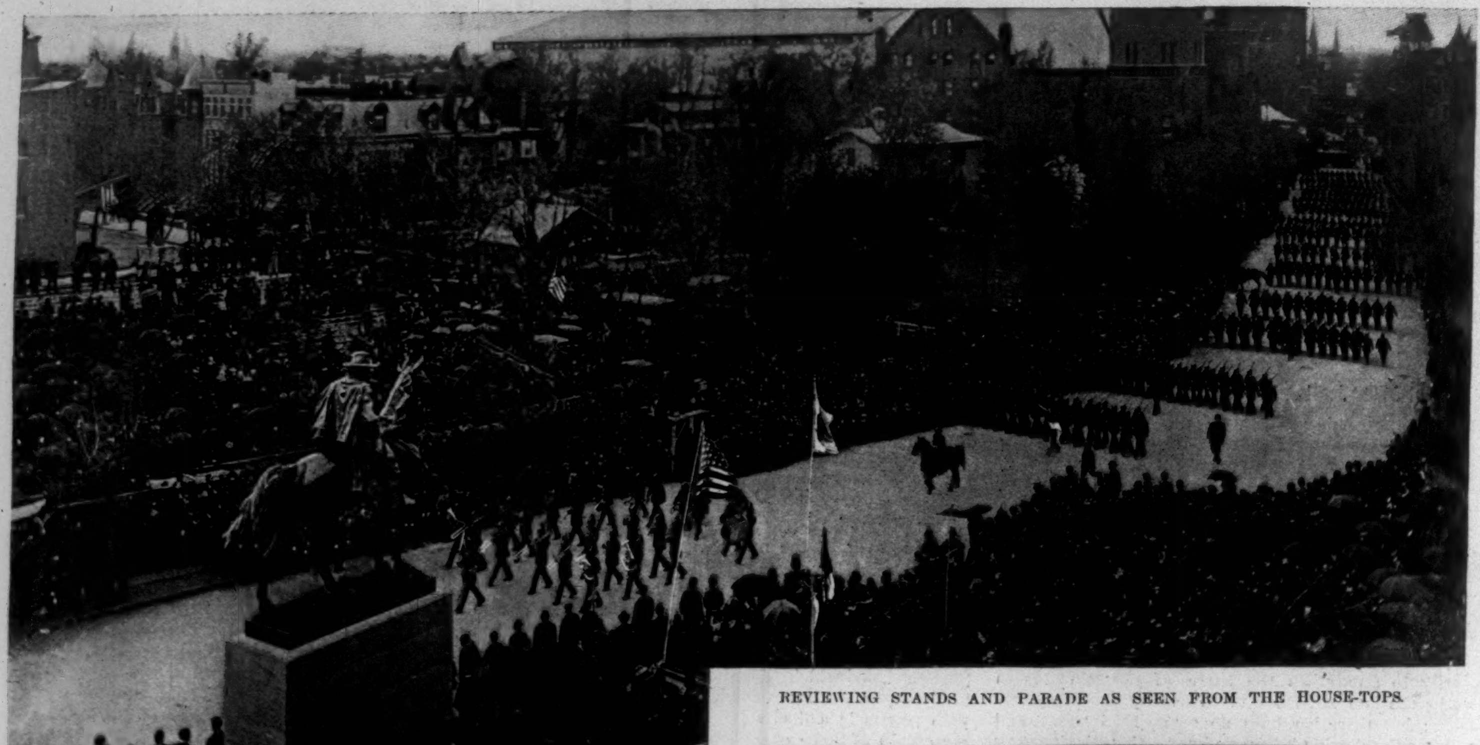
The other day two members of the House of Representatives — one of them a Senator-elect — engaged in a brutal fight in a committee-room at the Capitol. They threw inkstands at one another, and the Senator-elect was badly wounded. They are said to have drawn knives, and were only restrained from doing further damage to one another by the violent interposition of fellow-members and a doorkeeper. No more barbarous and disgusting spectacle has been witnessed in Washington for years. The scene was worthy of the lowest bar-room in the lowest slum of the city. The fight was such a one as marks the intercourse between criminals, ruffians, outcasts, blackguards. It disgraces the participants and humiliates every honorable man who is compelled by his official position to come in contact with them. There is no redeeming feature in the disgusting affair, for besides being brutal the attack was cowardly. The communities whom Mr. Money and Mr. Hall represent ought to call upon them both to surrender their seats in Congress. These men are not fit to make laws, because they have brought themselves within the penalties of the laws against brutality, the laws made for the protection of society against those who, by reason of ignorance, uncontrollable passions, or native brutish instincts are prone to the commission of deeds of violence.

Bad as the duel is, assault and battery with intent to kill or to do bodily harm is the characteristic of a lower state of civilization. In the duel, the participants at least seek to do murder at the risk of their own lives, and evince that self-restraint implied in the postponement of the encounter, and in refraining from an unseemly outbreak in public.

MARK TWAIN'S "JOAN OF ARC."

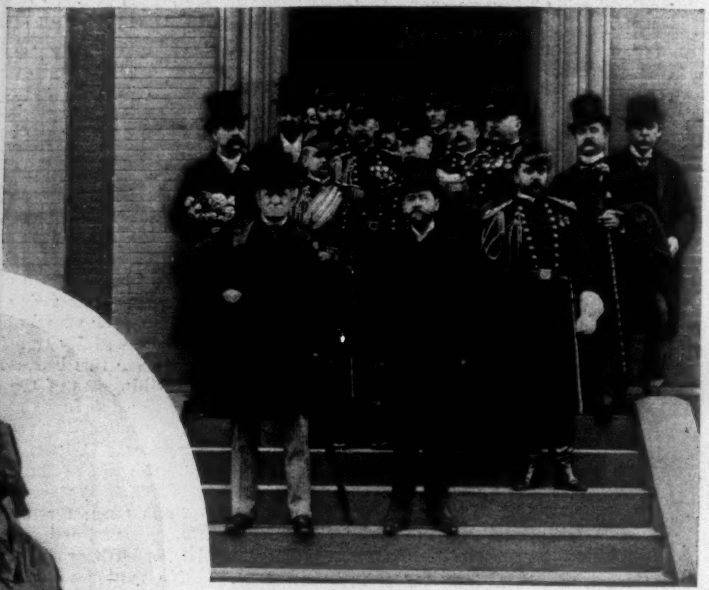
In the fifteenth chapter of the second book of the *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* the author has made very merry at the expense of a poet; and the poet is the Sieur Louis de Conte himself, who is feigned to be the narrator of the whole story. And this narrator is none other than Mark Twain. So it is at his own expense that this most buoyant spirit has raised the laugh that fills one chapter midway in the brilliant procession of chapters. It is just that kindly, blessed sort of laughter that, when it has passed, leaves behind an added flavor of esteem. For it is obvious in the story that Sieur Louis de Conte was a genuine poet. His life shows it. And the author is a true poet: *his* life has shown it to those who have shared his intimacy, and now this book (an eloquent expression of a sincere belief that Joan was inspired of heaven) demonstrates it to all the world. All the world has for years known him as a delightful humorist. That excellence is here too: the Paladin, who never lived till now, is become a reality, a permanent possession, a fellow for Falstaff, and thus one of the two funniest men of the fifteenth century.

And here we think a word of caution may not be misplaced, for it may meet the eye of some reader who would otherwise hold open this uncommon book in the right hand, and some prosy biography in the left; or, having stored his mind with exact history, might trace the Sieur's statements with critical forefinger. But *this* is not a historical novel; this is a romance that proves the Maid has still her power to inspire. In another book the soberer fact keeps the better for fact; but here and now and in this book, if each happening (with its vigorous life just beginning) is not a mere fact, then so much the worse for decrepit old fact.

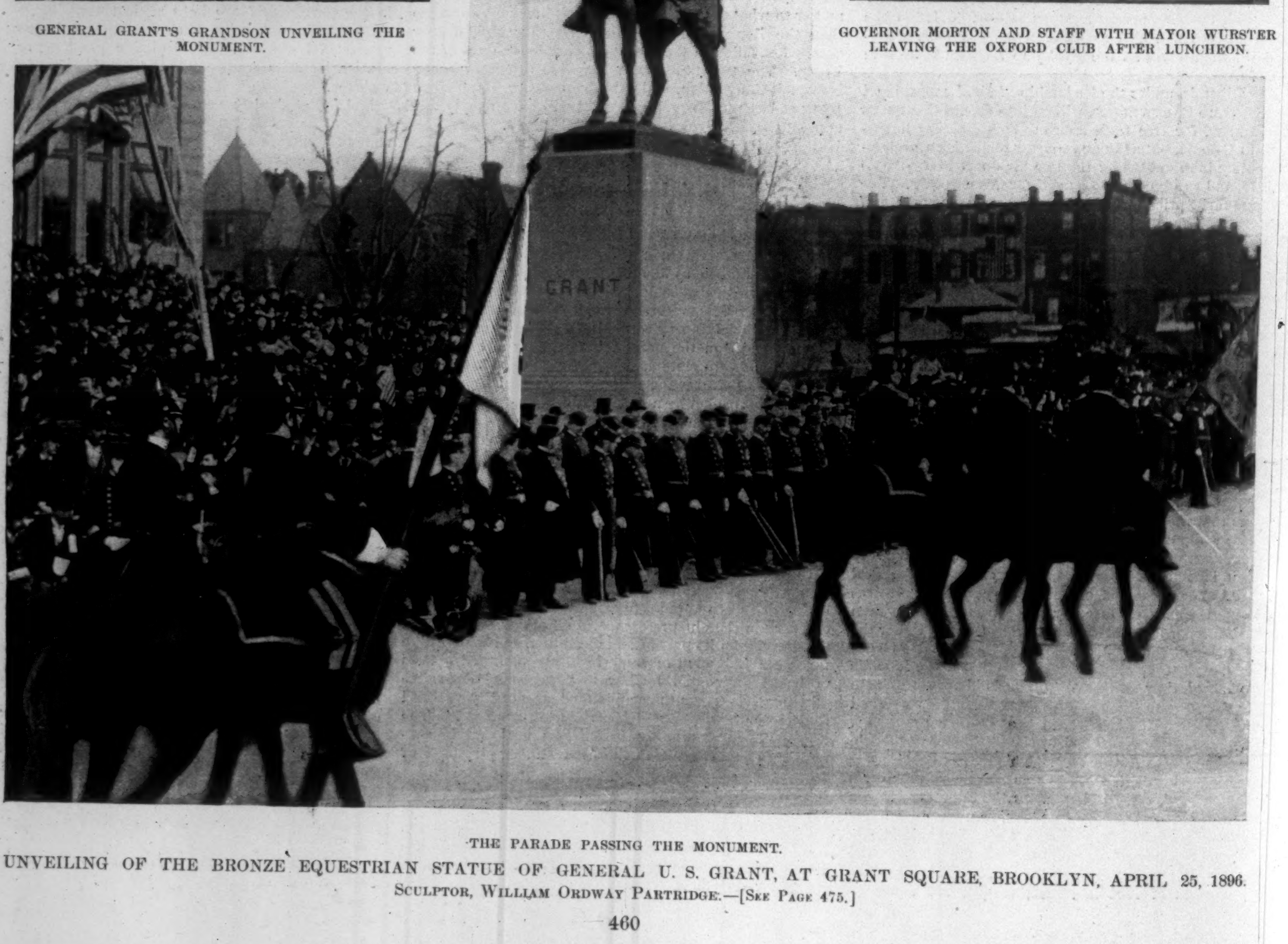


REVIEWING STANDS AND PARADE AS SEEN FROM THE HOUSE-TOPS.

GENERAL GRANT'S GRANDSON UNVEILING THE MONUMENT.



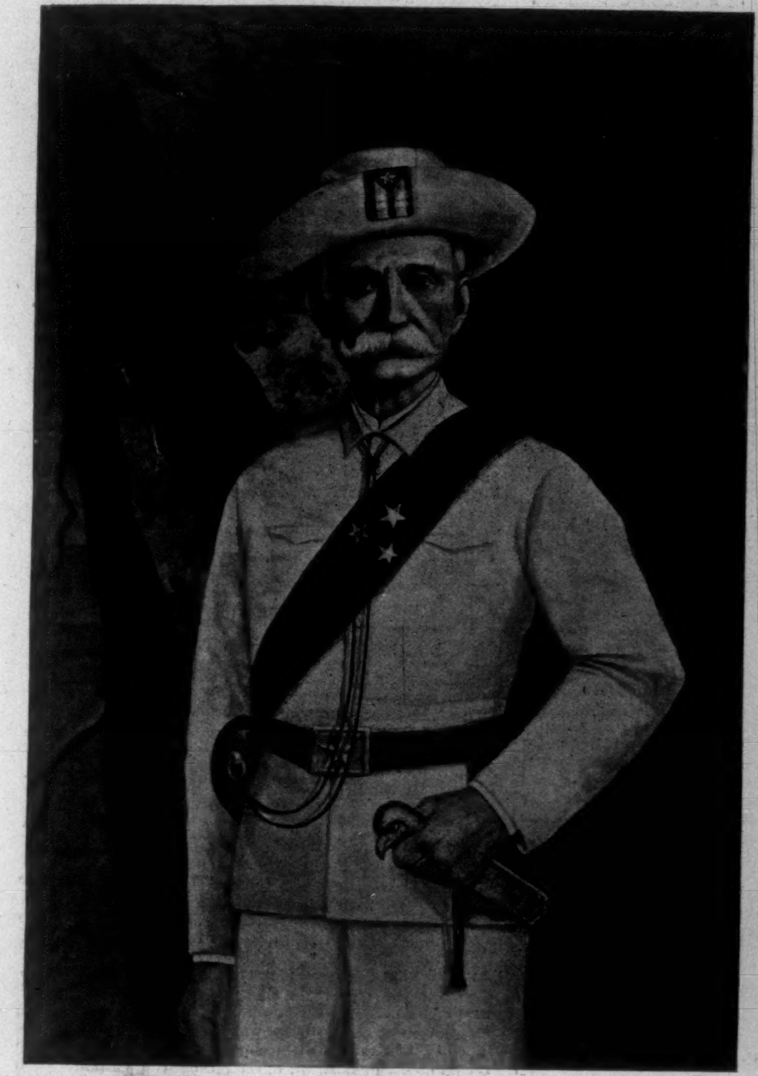
GOVERNOR MORTON AND STAFF WITH MAYOR WURSTER LEAVING THE OXFORD CLUB AFTER LUNCHEON.



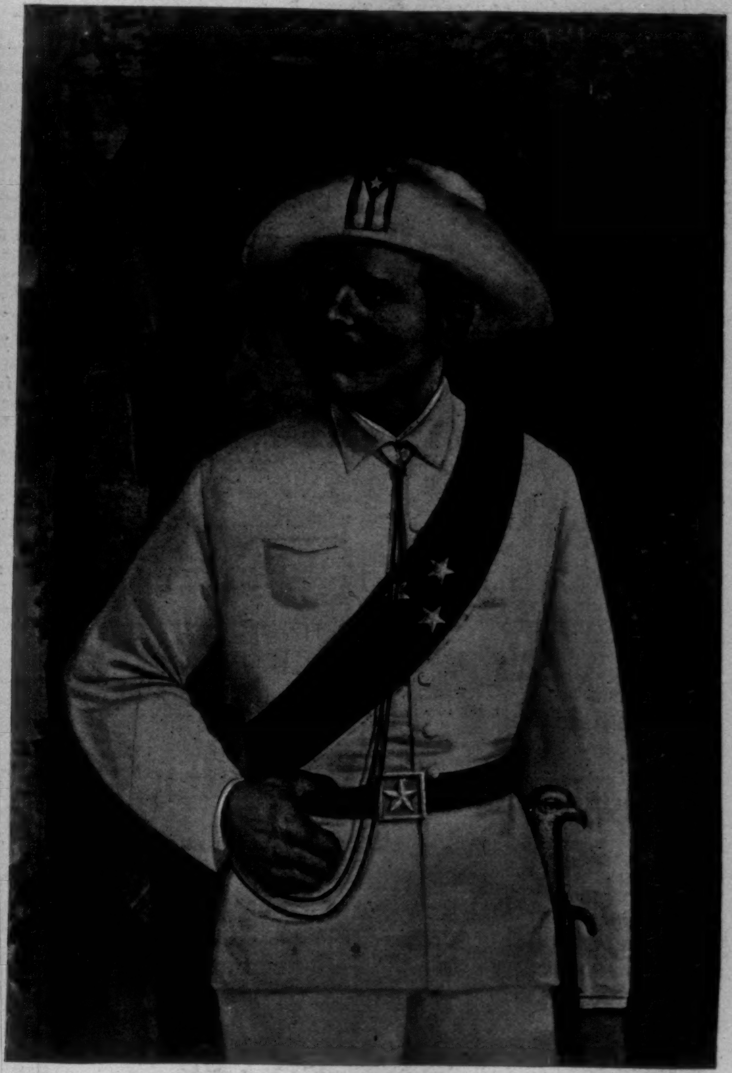
THE PARADE PASSING THE MONUMENT.

UNVEILING OF THE BRONZE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT, AT GRANT SQUARE, BROOKLYN, APRIL 25, 1896.

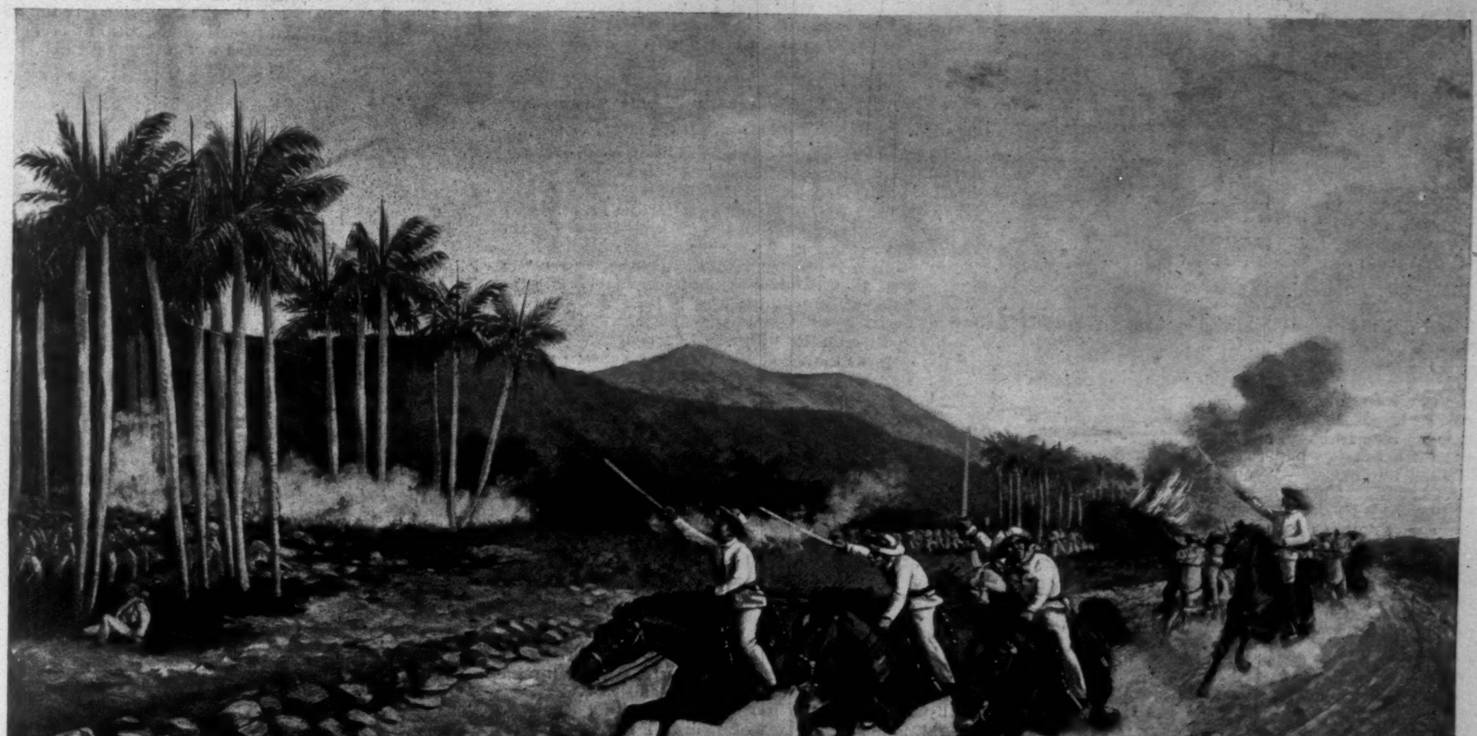
Sculptor, William Ordway Partridge.—[See Page 475.]



MÁXIMO GÓMEZ.



JOSÉ ANTONIO MACEO.



INSURGENT CAVALRY CHARGE AT THE BATTLE DE LA CAOBA (OF THE MAHOGANY-TREE).

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION—INSURGENT LEADERS AND THEIR BATTLES.—FROM PAINTINGS BY F. M. NADAL.—[SEE PAGE 462.]

LIFE AND LETTERS

THE other day, that friend of mine who professes all the intimacy of a bad conscience with many of my thoughts and convictions, came in with a bulky book under his arm, and said, "I see by a guilty look in your eye that you are meaning to write about Spring."

"I am not," I retorted, "and if I were, it would be because none of the new things have been said yet about spring, and because spring is never an old story, any more than youth or love."

"I have heard something like *that* before," said my friend, "and I understand. The simple truth of the matter is that this is the fag-end of the season, and you have run low in your subjects Now, take my advice, and don't write about spring; it will make everybody hate you, and will do no good. Write about advertising." He tapped the book under his arm significantly. "Here is a theme for you."

I.

He had no sooner pronounced these words than I began to feel a weird and potent fascination in his suggestion. I took the book from him, and looked it eagerly through. It was called Good Advertising, and it was written by one of the experts in the business, who have advanced it almost to the grade of an art, or a humanity.

"But I see nothing here," I said, musingly, "which would enable a self-respecting author to come to the help of his publisher in giving due hold upon the public interest these charming characteristics of his book which no one else can feel so penetratingly or celebrate so persuasively."

"I anticipated some such objection from you," said my friend. "You will admit that there is everything else, here?"

"Everything but that most essential thing You know how we all feel about it: the bitter disappointment, the heart-sickening sense of insufficiency that the advertised praises of our books give us poor authors. The effect is far worse than that of the reviews, for the reviewer is not your ally and copartner, while your publisher—"

"I see what you mean," said my friend. "But you must have patience. If Mr. Charles Austin Bates can write so luminously of advertising in other respects, I am sure he will yet be able to cast a satisfactory light upon your problem. The question is, I believe, how to translate into irresistible terms all that fond and exultant regard which a writer feels for his book, all his pervasive appreciation of its singular beauty, unique value, and utter charm, and transfer it to print, without infringing upon the delicate and shrinking modesty which is the distinguishing ornament of the literary spirit?"

"Something like that. But you understand it."

"Perhaps a Röntgen ray might be got to do it," said my friend, thoughtfully, "or perhaps Mr. Bates may bring his mind to bear upon it yet. He seems to have considered every kind of advertising except book-advertising."

"The most important of all!" I cried, impatiently.

"You think so because you are in that line. If you were in the line of varnish, or bicycles, or soap, or typewriters, or extract of beef or of malt—"

"Still I should be interested in book-advertising, because it is the most vital of human interests."

"Tell me," said my friend, "do you read the advertisements of the books of rival authors?"

"*Brother* authors," I corrected him.

"Well, brother authors."

I said, No, candidly, I did not; and I forbore to add that I thought them little better than a waste of the publishers' money.

II.

My friend did not pursue his inquiry to my personal disadvantage, but seemed to prefer a more general philosophy of the matter.

"I have often wondered," he said, "at the enormous expansion of advertising, and doubted whether it was not mostly wasted. But Mr. Bates, here, has suggested a brilliant fact which I was unwittingly groping for. When you take up a Sunday paper"—I shuddered, and my friend smiled intelligence—"you are simply appalled at the miles of announcements of all sorts. Who can possibly read them? Who cares even to look at them? But if you want something in particular—to furnish a house, or buy a suburban place, or take a steamer for Europe, or go to the theatre—then you find out at once who reads the advertisements and cares to look at them. They respond to the multifarious wants of the whole community. You have before you the living operation of that law of demand and supply which it has always been such a bore to hear about. As often happens, the supply seems to come before the demand; but that's only an appearance. You wanted something, and you found an offer to meet your want."

"Then you don't believe that the offer to meet your want suggested it?"

"I see that Mr. Bates believes something of the kind. We *may* be full of all sorts of unconscious wants which merely need the vivifying influence of an advertisement to make them spring into active being; but I have a feeling that the money paid for advertising which appeals to potential wants is largely thrown away. You must want a thing, or think you want it; otherwise you resent the proffer of it as a kind of impertinence."

"There are some kinds of advertisements, all the same, that I read without the slightest interest in the subject matter. Simply the beauty of the style attracts me."

"I know. But does it ever move you to get what you don't want?"

"Never; and I should be glad to know what Mr. Bates thinks of that sort of advertising: the literary, or dramatic, or humorous, or quaint?"

"He doesn't contemn it, quite. But I think he feels that it may have had its day. Do you still read such advertisements with your early zest?"

"No; the zest for nearly everything goes. I don't care so much for Tourguénief as I used. Still, if I come upon the jaunty and laconic suggestions of a certain well-known clothing-house, concerning the season's wear, I read them with a measure of satisfaction. The advertising expert—"

"Mr. Bates calls him the adsmith."

"Delightful! Ad is a loathly little word, but we must come to it. It's as legitimate as lunch. But as I was saying, the adsmith seems to have caught the American business tone as perfectly as any of our novelists have caught the American social tone."

"Yes," said my friend, "and he seems to have prospered as richly by it. You know some of those chaps make $15,000 or $20,000 by adsmithing. They have put their art quite on a level with fiction pecuniarily."

"Perhaps it *is* a branch of fiction."

"No; they claim that it is pure fact. Mr. Bates discourages the slightest admixture of fable. The truth, clearly and simply expressed, is the best in an ad."

"It is best in a wof, too. I am always saying that."

"Wof?"

"Well, work of fiction. It's another new word, like lunch or ad."

"But in a wof," said my friend, instantly adopting it, "Mr. Bates insinuates that the fashion of payment tempts you to verbosity, while in an ad the conditions oblige you to the greatest possible succinctness. In one case you are paid by the word; in the other you pay by the word. That is where the adsmith stands upon higher moral ground than the wofsmith."

"I should think Mr. Bates might have written a recent article in The ——, reproaching fiction with its unhallowed gains."

"If you mean that for a sneer, it is misplaced. He would have been incapable of it. Mr. Bates is no more the friend of honesty in adsmithing than he is of propriety. He deprecates jocosity in apothecaries and undertakers, not only as bad taste, but as bad business; and he is as severe as any one could be upon ads that seize the attention by disgusting or shocking the reader, like 'Baby one solid Sore,' for an eczema cure."

"He is to be praised for that, and for the other thing; and I shouldn't have minded his criticising the greedy wofsmith. I hope he attacks the use of display type, which makes our newspapers look like the poster-plastered fences around vacant lots. In New York there is only one paper whose advertisements are not typographically a shock to the nerves."

"Well," said my friend, "he attacks foolish and ineffective display."

"It is all foolish and ineffective. It is like a crowd of people trying to make themselves heard by shouting each at the top of his voice. A paper full of display advertisements is an image of our whole congested and delirious state of competition; but even in competitive conditions it is unnecessary, and it is futile. Compare any New York paper but one with the London papers, and you will see what I mean. Of course I refer to the ad pages; the rest of our exception is as offensive with pictures and scare-heads as all the rest. I wish Mr. Bates could revise his opinions and condemn all display in ads."

"I dare say he will when he knows what you think," said my friend, with imaginable sarcasm.

III.

"I wish," I went on, "that he would give us some philosophy of the prodigious increase of advertising within the last twenty-five years, and some conjecture as to the end of it all. Evidently, it can't keep on increasing at the present rate. If it does, there will presently be no room in the world for things; it will be filled up with the advertisements of things."

"Before that time, perhaps," suggested my friend, "adsmithing will have become so fine and potent an art that advertising will be reduced in bulk, while keeping all its energy and even increasing its effectiveness."

"Perhaps," I said, "some silent electrical process will be contrived, so that the attractions of a new line of dress goods or the fascination of a spring or fall opening may be imparted to a lady's consciousness without even the agency of words. All other facts of commercial and industrial interest could be dealt with in the same way. A fine thrill could be made to go from the last new book through the whole community, so that people would not willingly rest till they had it. Yes, one can see an indefinite future for advertising in that way. The adsmith may be the supreme artist of the twentieth century. He may assemble in his grasp, and employ at will, all the arts and sciences."

"Yes," said my friend, with a sort of fall in his voice, "that is very well. But what is to become of the race when it is penetrated at every pore with a sense of the world's demand and supply?"

"Oh, that is another affair. I was merely imagining the possible resources of invention in providing for the increase of advertising while guarding the integrity of the planet. I think, very likely, if the thing keeps on, we shall all go mad; but then we shall none of us be able to criticise the others. Or possibly the thing may work its own cure. You know the ingenuity of the political economists in justifying the egotism to which conditions appeal. They do not deny that these foster greed and rapacity in merciless degree, but they contend that when the wealth-winner drops off gorged there is a kind of miracle wrought, and good comes of it all. I never could see how; but if it is true, why shouldn't a sort of ultimate immunity come back to us from the very excess and invasion of the appeals now made to us, and destined to be made to us still more by the adsmith? Come, isn't there hope in that?"

"I see a great opportunity for the wofsmith in some such dream," said my friend. "Why don't you turn it to account?"

"You know that isn't my line; I must leave that sort of wofsmithing to the romantic novelist. Besides, I have my well-known panacea for all the ills our state is heir to, in a civilization which shall legislate foolish, and vicious, and ugly, and adulterate things out of the possibility of existence. Most of the adsmithing is now employed in persuading people that such things are useful, beautiful, and pure. But in *my* civilization they shall not even be suffered to be made, much less foisted upon the community by adsmiths."

"I see what you mean," said my friend; and he sighed gently. "I had much better let you write about Spring."

W. D. HOWELLS.

THE BATTLE OF THE MAHOGANY-TREE.

IN the last number of the WEEKLY a brief characterization was given of Maceo's westward march from Bainoa (a bit east of the centre of the island) to Paso Real—or almost as far as one can go with dry feet. Now, inasmuch as this lieutenant-general has lifted up and supported the insurgents' fortunes with his brown hand, which seems to possess uncommon strength, it is worth while to go back a little—in time to July of last year; geographically to an interesting town in the southeast called Bayamo. At that time, and at no great distance from that place, occurred the battle "de la Caoba" (of the mahogany-tree), as the Cubans name it, or, in Spanish reports, the battle of Peralejo. Then and there three things were demonstrated. First, that Maceo was a commander of even greater resource than his record in the ten years' war led one to expect; second, that the Spanish troops could not withstand the Cuban cavalry; third, and as a corollary of the foregoing, that the westward march just referred to could be made.

An eye-witness of this engagement has described it in a letter to the editor of *El Porvenir*, and the substance of that letter will be found in the account which we give below.

Learning that the enemy had set out from Veguita in the direction of Bayamo, Maceo took up a position near the road by which they must pass. His force consisted of a regiment of cavalry and several brigades of infantry.

The insurgents' march began at two in the morning, and by six they were ("*we* were," says the writer) in ambush. At half past eleven shots were heard from the outposts, announcing the enemy's presence on the Veguitas road, whereupon the cavalry broke cover and charged *con brío*, and rolled them back, compelling them to leave the road and form on a neighboring hill. Then the Cuban infantry opened a vigorous fire from the right and from the left. The Spaniards were caught between two fires, and grouped themselves about Martínez Campos to defend him, and a number fell. They tried to advance, but Zamora's cavalry charged them again and forced them to retreat, under fire from the regiments commanded by Rabí and Goulet. Then Colonel Goulet, machete in hand, led his men against them, and in the hot fight that ensued was killed. The Spanish column lost General Santocildes, then formed a hollow square, and attempted with that formation to cross the open country to a building that was seen in the distance. Twice the Cuban cavalry broke their square, and at last, in a rout, they gained the house; but that was soon in flames, and meantime two captains, a *comandante*, a colonel, and an adjutant had been slain. At half past five Martínez Campos, after the heel of one of his boots had been shot away and his horse killed under him, fled to Bayamo, intrusting his column to inferior officers, as there were no superior officers left! The fight lasted until half past six, when the Spaniards retreated in confusion, harassed by the Cuban cavalry, which attacked the rear-guard, and by the infantry on the right flank—driven along in this fashion to within a league of Bayamo. The Spanish loss was six hundred men; and five hundred rifles and twenty thousand cartridges fell into the hands of the insurgents, who, for their part, lost sixty-two men. On the following day the little insurgent army marched past Bayamo, within pistol-shot; and Campos sent messengers to Santingo de Cuba, Manzanillo, and to the other towns, calling for re-enforcements.

Such is the story of the Batalla de la Caoba as told by Juan Maspons. The painting by Señor Nadal, which is reproduced on another page of this issue, represents the decisive charge of the Cuban cavalry. In connection with the portraits of Maceo and Gómez, which the same artist has made for the WEEKLY, the reader may wish to be reminded of the salient facts in the lives of these two generals.

Máximo Gómez was born at Baní, Santo Domingo, in 1836. His aptitude for warfare was first shown in his native country, but while still a young man he went with a military contingent called the Reserves to Santiago de Cuba. At the outbreak of the revolution in Yara he enlisted in the Cuban army as a private in the command of the poet José Joaquin Palma. Promoted to the rank of captain soon afterwards, he was one of the most tireless and aggressive of partisans during the entire course of the war. On the death of Agramonte, Gómez succeeded to the command, and was prominent in the negotiations that led to the treaty of Zanjón in 1878. The reasons which led him to accept that convention are set forth in a pamphlet published at Kingston shortly after he had left Cuba. From Jamaica he went to Central America, where the President of Honduras received him cordially. In 1885 he and Maceo and Crombet planned various expeditions with the design of fomenting war in Cuba, but for several years all their efforts were unavailing. The revolutionary impulse had been beaten to a standstill. When it had gathered strength once more this veteran of slight figure, with brilliant restless black eyes—an indomitable creature bearing a good name for honorable dealing among his fellows—was ready to lead, as matter of course.

José Antonio Maceo is younger by twelve years. A native of Santiago de Cuba, his parents are described as *pardos* (brown people, or, more accurately, *gray* people—a pleasant variant of the term mulatto). And it is a family of "mucha estima." Antonio's person, which is fortunately ample, is said to be scarred with twenty-one wounds received on the battle-fields of the war of 1868–78. When others accepted the treaty of Zanjón, Maceo earned his reputation as a forceful character by his implacable opposition. He *would not* come in. Martínez Campos, in a letter* of March 19, 1878, makes this reference to him:

"Contrary to all the expectations of the Chamber and the government, it has been impossible to accomplish anything in the enemy's country, where a certain Antonio Maceo is paramount—a fellow who was muleteer and is general, who has immense ambition, great bravery and influence, and who beneath a rude exterior hides a natural talent."

Last summer they met, as has been mentioned above.

MARRION WILCOX.

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* Cited in the *Album de "El Porvenir"* (E. Trujillo). Vol. III.

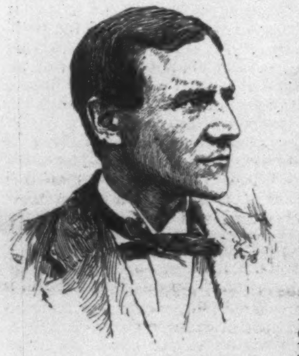
SENATOR STRANAHAN'S SERVICE TO THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF NEW YORK CITY.

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER.

NEW YORK city fully appreciates the good work its own citizens have done in that long battle for the reform of its public-school system which has just resulted in a notable victory. We are deeply grateful to the many distinguished men in private life who, with Professor Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia College, at their head, aroused popular interest in the struggle, and year after year organized and conducted it. And we are just as grateful to the anti-Tammany legislators from our own districts, who, after Mr. Frank D. Pavey introduced last winter's school-reform bill in the Assembly, and this year's in the Senate, manfully labored with him in their interests.

But, quite naturally, the good work done for us at Albany by legislators from other parts of the State has been less clearly understood. This is why the name of the Senator from Oswego stands at the head of my page. His official position as chairman of the Senate committee which had the school bills in charge gave him opportunities for influence possessed by no one else within the Legislature or outside of it. And this chance was turned to such good account by his intelligence, conscientiousness, force, and tact that he merits the largest personal share of gratitude for the final success of our own citizens' long and strenuous efforts.

Nevada Northrup Stranahan belongs to the same family as that public-spirited resident of Brooklyn to whom, in his lifetime, a monument has been built. He was born in Oswego County, and is thirty-five years of age. He was educated in the public schools, in Falley Seminary in Fulton, and in the law school of Columbia College, and since his graduation has practised law in Fulton. Thrice elected to the Assembly, he served during the sessions of 1890, 1891, and 1892 on its Judiciary Committee, and during one session as chairman of its Committee on Privileges and Elections. He was very active, on the right side, when Judge Maynard's conduct in relation to the notorious "election steal" was investigated by the Judiciary Committee, and in 1892 was recognized as standing next to General Husted in the leadership of the Lower House. Later in the same year Mr. Stranahan was appointed district attorney for Oswego County. This place he resigned when he was elected to the Upper House of the present Legislature, and when it convened he was given the important post of chairman of its Committee on the Affairs of Cities.


NEVADA N. STRANAHAN.

Early in 1896 two school bills were sent up to Albany from New York. One of these bills, popularly given the name of School Commissioner Strauss, was endorsed, although with some dissenting voices, by the Board of Education, and introduced in the Senate by Mr. Page. Most of its sections were largely borrowed from the Committee of Seventy's school-reform bill of last year; but it contained one section which would have nullified all its better provisions. The most fundamental defect of our school system had long been recognized in the existence of those local officials called ward trustees, who, with very little responsibility, possessed great power, and power of a sort which easily lent itself to political manipulation.* The Strauss-Page bill did not ask for the abolition of these officials. Instead it actually asked that our city should be divided into forty-five new school districts, as against the old twenty-four wards, and that the number of the trustees should be correspondingly increased from 120 to 225. The true advocates of school reform therefore refused to support the Strauss-Page bill, and through Senator Pavey and Assemblyman Austin introduced a brief measure of their own, asking boldly and only for the abolition of the ward trustees.

Both bills were referred to the Senate Committee on the Affairs of Cities; when an effort was made to have them handed over to the Committee on Public Education, it was defeated by the opponents of reform; and then the public and the press lamented. We are desperately ashamed of this lamentation to-day, but there are reasons why at the time it was excusable. Chief among them was the fact that while we knew the two Tammany members of the Cities Committee, we did not know its chairman. Now that we do know Mr. Stranahan, Mr. Horace White, of Syracuse, who has been his most helpful lieutenant, and the other Republican members of his committee, we grow a little cold whenever we think where the school-reform movement might stand to-day had it not been backed by their energy and discretion.

The Cities Committee held two public hearings upon the school bills, so that the arguments for the one and the other might be fully set forth. Then it designated a subcommittee of four members—Messrs. Stranahan, White, Lexow, and Ahearn—to give them special consideration. The decision of this subcommittee (from which Mr. Ahearn of Tammany Hall dissented) was accepted by the Cities Committee by a vote of eight to three, and favorably reported to the Senate.†

But the bill thus presented for discussion in the Senate was neither the Pavey bill nor the Strauss-Page bill. A new measure had been framed by the subcommittee, and it is this measure which has since become law. It was officially known as the Pavey-Page school bill, and popularly as the Compromise school bill. But it should be known, and always remembered, as the Stranahan school bill. And when I say that it is the best school-reform bill that has ever been presented at Albany, I begin to define our debt to the Senator from Oswego.

Of course the framers of all previous school-reform bills had understood that it would be well to build up a new system of school administration at the same time that a piece was being pulled out of the old one. But the fate of the Committee of Seventy's bill (which was defeated in the Senate after Mr. Pavey had carried it through the Assembly) seemed to show that the wisest course this year would be to clarify and simplify the main issue—to ask only for the one great change which must precede all others, and to trust to future legislation for reconstructive work. Mr. Stranahan and his associates, however, could venture to demand more for New York than New York dared just then to demand for itself. Under their hand, in the Strauss-Page bill, they had the best provisions of the Committee of Seventy's bill, disassociated from others which a year ago excited opposition of a reasonable or a plausible kind. So they eliminated from the Strauss-Page bill the section which increased the number of the ward trustees. In its stead they placed a section altogether doing away with these officials—a section which was therefore practically identical with the Pavey bill. And then they altered and added to the other portions of the Strauss-Page bill in so far as was needful to adapt them to a consolidated method of school government, in which the powers formerly possessed by the local trustees would be vested in the Board of Education and its paid professional executives.

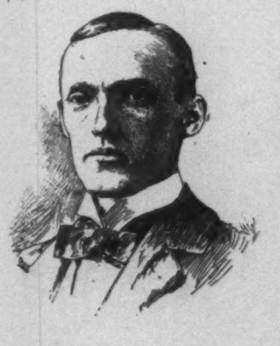
Thus, adopting all the good suggestions which had been offered by either party, and welding them firmly together, Mr. Stranahan's subcommittee framed a radical yet comprehensive measure, a frankly destructive and a wisely constructive measure. And the way in which it did this work emphasized, even more strongly than the brief directness of the Pavey bill, the fact that no changes would really benefit our schools should the ward trustees survive.

The framers of the Pavey bill gladly accepted Mr. Stranahan's Compromise bill as granting them all they had asked for, and much besides. Their position was supported by the Citizens' Committee of One Hundred, which had been created to press the Pavey bill by the independent educational and reform associations of the city, and by the unanimous voices of the press. There was no opposition except from Tammany politicians, from some members of the Board of Education, from ward trustees unwilling to be deprived of their titles, and from teachers who had been misled into thinking that the new order of things would be detrimental to their interests. But this opposition began to bestir itself with increased vigor. Certain teachers' associations affirmed that although two public hearings had been held upon the original bills, none had been held upon the Compromise bill, and in deference to their desire Mr. Stranahan withdrew his bill from the Senate and granted another public hearing.

At the beginning of this session, which lasted from half past two until a quarter past six, Mr. Stranahan reminded the protestants that neither the Pavey bill nor the Strauss-Page bill was now under discussion—only the Compromise bill—and explained that this bill had been actually framed by the committee which they were to address. Thus he made it clear that he and his associates were no longer to sit as an impartial jury considering a new subject, but, so to say, as a group of judges hearing an appeal from their own decision. The attitude thus properly assumed Mr. Stranahan preserved all through the long hearing. During the other hearings he had shown no leaning toward either side; during this one he was a declared enemy of the old trustee system. And in keeping this attitude with decision, yet with an open-minded fairness, he was ably seconded by Mr. White.

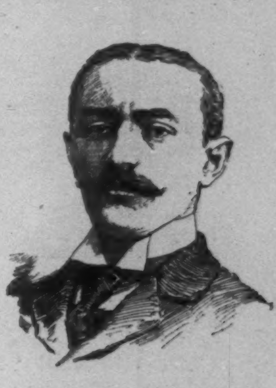
The New-Yorkers who had come up to answer the arguments against the Compromise bill soon saw that they were not needed. Mr. Stranahan could defend it better than they, and his knowledge of the condition and the needs of their confused and complicated school system seemed as thorough as their own. They resigned themselves willingly to the moral satisfaction and the intellectual pleasure of watching his conduct of their cause.

As speaker after speaker came before the committee, divergences from the points really at issue were checked, mistaken, careless, or exaggerated statements were corrected, vulnerable arguments were riddled by keen questions, and more or less glittering generalities reduced to the lower terms of fact upon which they stood. Yet no injustice or undue partiality was shown by Mr. Stranahan or Mr. White. No one was denied ample opportunity to speak. Every one who had anything definite to say was helped to say it with clearness. Words were never twisted to mean what they did not mean. No effort was made to confuse the speakers—only to exhibit the fact when their own ideas were confused. Although the defenders of the trustee system were often discourteous to their opponents, and sometimes to the committee itself, Mr. Stranahan showed perfect courtesy and patience in return. And, without a ruffle of his own composure, he checked manifestations of excitement on the part of these pleaders, and also on the part of one of his Tammany colleagues, which more than once threatened to turn the hearing into a babel of unpleasant and unjust personalities.


FRANK D. PAVEY.

This, then, was the second great service that Mr. Stranahan rendered us: After framing the Compromise bill he met the arguments of its opposers in such a way that at the end of the hearing their futility was manifest. The Cities Committee again endorsed the Compromise bill, and it was returned to the Senate. At once Governor Morton sent a message to both Houses of the Legislature expressing his entire approval of it, and recommending that it be passed without delay, and on March 26th it came up before the Senate sitting in Committee of the Whole. A lively debate was expected, because, although they knew the battle lost, the Tammany members were bound to stand to the last by that ancient trustee system which for so many years had worked them so much political good. But, wishing to postpone the debate as long as possible, these members filibustered hour after hour. They tired themselves out before they tired out the supporters of the school bill; and finally, protesting against the rulings of the Senator in the chair (Mr. Gallagher of Brooklyn, who, by-the-way, belonged to their own political faith), they left the Senate-Chamber in a rage, followed by their Democratic brethren. After a brief speech of introduction by Mr. Stranahan, the Compromise bill, no one objecting, was advanced to its third reading.

Prolonged debate did occur upon the occasion of this reading, on March 31st. The Tammany Senators were loquacious and acrimonious. Mr. Stranahan exposed their misstatements, futilities, and demagoguery, and made an impressive speech; and Mr. Ford, one of our city Senators, also supported the bill, with equal energy if with less discretion. But the chief honors of this day were won by Mr. White. Although his speech was a maiden one, experienced listeners declared that none so eloquent, scholarly, and acute, none showing such thorough acquaintance with the points at issue and such a mastery of illustrative facts, had been heard for many years in any of our legislative bodies. After five hours of debate, the bill was passed by the decisive vote of 31 to 13. Mr. Austin then substituted the Senate's Compromise bill for the one, identical with Mr. Pavey's brief bill, which he had originally introduced in the Assembly. It was rapidly pushed forward in this House, and, supported by excellent speeches from Mr. Austin and Mr. O'Grady of Rochester, and by the powerful aid of Speaker Fish, it was passed on April 7th by a vote of 88 to 43. On April 23d Mayor Strong endorsed it, after holding three public hearings, two of which were absorbed by its opponents. And on April 27th it received the Governor's signature and became the law.


HORACE WHITE.

This is by no means the whole story of the work that Senator Stranahan did for New York city in a struggle which was considered a notable one at Albany even during the days when the Raines bill and the Greater New York bill were under discussion. But it is all of the story which can be rightly told in brief. And I think it is enough to justify that estimate of Mr. Stranahan's service with which my page began.

The fact that the Stranahan bill has become law means that the stiffest barrier in the path of school reform for New York city has been broken down, and some long steps taken in advance of the spot upon which this barrier stood. Our machinery for school administration, alike on its business and on its educational side, has been simplified and solidified, and placed on a sound and logical basis; and the way is thus prepared for any further changes in this machinery which may seem needful, and for the rapid improvement of educational aims and methods. When we consider the importance of the public schools in a city such as this, what the Stranahan bill has achieved for them, and what it makes easily possible for the near future, it may well seem the most valuable reform measure of any kind which has yet been granted us.

There is one more thing to be said. This important measure has not been forced through the Legislature, or bought through, or smuggled or shuffled through. It has been carried through in open and honorable ways. It has won on its merits, thanks to the fact that Senator Stranahan insisted upon a careful consideration of the merits of the original bills, and that the Governor and the Mayor understood them accurately. Few measures, even of the greatest importance, receive as much publicity as was given this one, alike by the press of the city and by the legislative committee, which devoted more hours to public hearings upon it than were given even to the Greater New York bill.

A compromise measure in one sense, the Stranahan bill was not a compromise measure in the political sense. Nor was it thought of as a party measure, until, when its merits were clearly established, the Governor's message gave it this aspect. Its triumph was a defeat for Tammany—perhaps the worst it has yet received—but not a triumph for the Republican "machine." The reform party introduced its original bill through a Senator who, although a Republican, openly opposes the machine, and first and last it made no appeal for this bill or the compromise bill to the head machinists. It was the anti-reform party—the Tammany party—which made such an appeal, and in vain.

Of course, when his personal decision in regard to our school question was declared, Mr. Stranahan's position within the party lines gave him much greater influence than any "independent" could have possessed. Nevertheless—in fact, all the more—the passage of the school-reform bill stands to his own credit; for we cannot doubt what the result would have been if he had cast his personal force and his power as chairman of the Cities Committee into the opposite scale. The result would have been another defeat for school reform, and a very bad one. Our city is now well awakened to the need of school reform, and no power could have postponed it many years. But the passage of such a retrograde and evil measure as that section of the Strauss-Page bill which referred to the ward trustees would have been disheartening indeed.

Thus it certainly behooves New York city to make her profoundest courtesy to Mr. Stranahan, Mr. White, and the other "up the State" members of the Senate Committee on the Affairs of Cities; for only their earnest and intelligent efforts could have enabled her real representatives to prevail over the men whom Tammany Hall had sent to the Capitol to misrepresent the desires of her intelligent sons and daughters, and the needs of her multitudes of little children.

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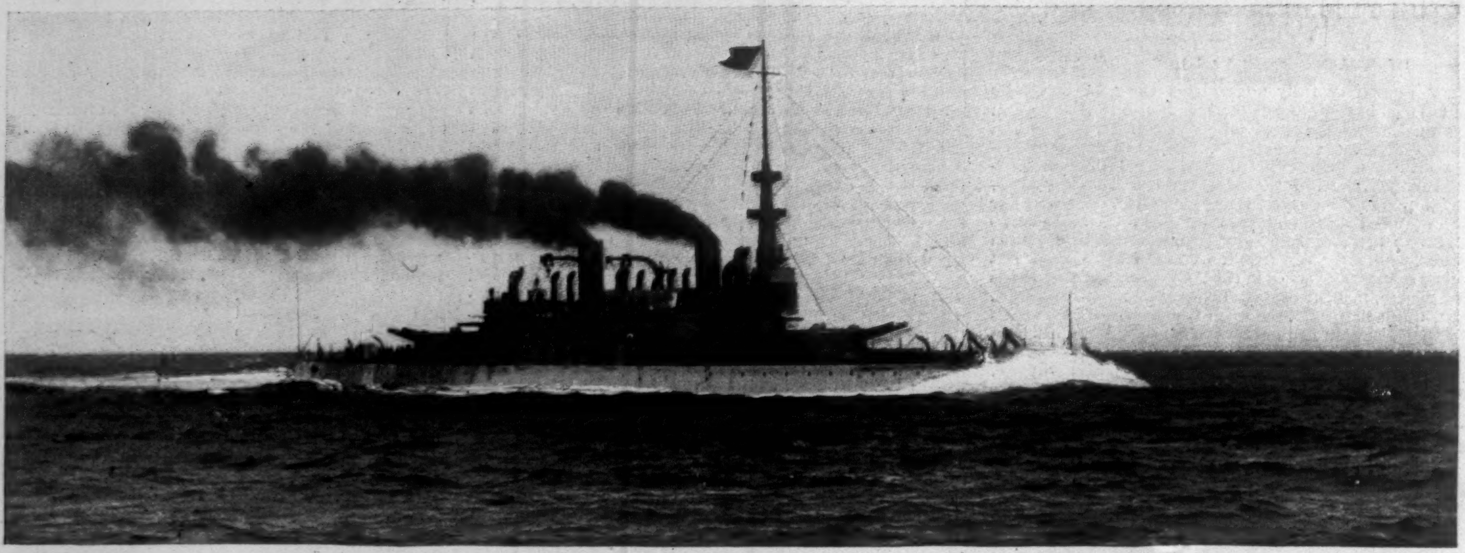
* See HARPER'S WEEKLY, March 7, 1896.

† These are the names of the five other members of the Cities Committee who stood by Mr. Stranahan, Mr. White, and Mr. Lexow, of the subcommittee, and it will be noticed that the name of the introducer of the Strauss bill is among them: Mr. Brush of Brooklyn, Mr. Nussbaum of Albany, Mr. Siebert of Buffalo, Mr. Tibbits of Troy, and Mr. Page of New York.



AT THE FINISH OF THE TRIAL RUN—SEVENTEEN KNOTS AN HOUR.

TEST OF THE "MASSACHUSETTS."

EACH succeeding official trial of the war-ships of the United States navy seems to have one curious result—the vessel tried not only surpasses all sister ships of her class in speed, but is declared to be the fastest of her grade in the world. The battle-ship *Massachusetts*, one of the three battle-ships of the *Indiana* class, is the latest of these accessions to the navy, and she has the distinction, according to the reports of the trial, and according to naval experts, of being not only faster than the *Indiana* herself, but, like the *Indiana*, of which she is a duplicate, of being more effective in fighting qualities than any foreign battle-ship yet constructed. The official test of the *Massachusetts* occurred off the Maine coast on April 25th. She made a record of 16.2079 knots for four hours' continuous steaming. She was required to show a speed of 15 knots. A premium of $25,000 for each quarter-knot above the required speed was guaranteed to the contractors, the Messrs. Cramp, of Philadelphia, and as a result of the trial they will receive a bonus of $100,000.

Tests of war-ships are conducted more rigorously in the United States than in any other country. In England the usual test is a speed trial over a measured mile. Tests of horse-power almost never last more than two hours. There is no record of the slightest injury to our ships from straining them to the utmost for four hours, and in favor of the system it may be said that it reveals the full possibilities of each ship.

When the *Indiana* class was designed Secretary Tracy insisted that these ships should surpass the English battle-ships, of 3000 tons more tonnage, in the strength and effectiveness of fire. That meant that either the speed or the weight of armor should be sacrificed. Inasmuch as battle-ships are supposed to fight to the last and not to run away, speed was sacrificed, and the theoretical speed of the *Indiana* class was placed at 15 knots, against a theoretical speed of 16 knots of the English *Royal Sovereign* class. The newer English battle-ships of the first grade are to have a theoretical speed of 17 knots.

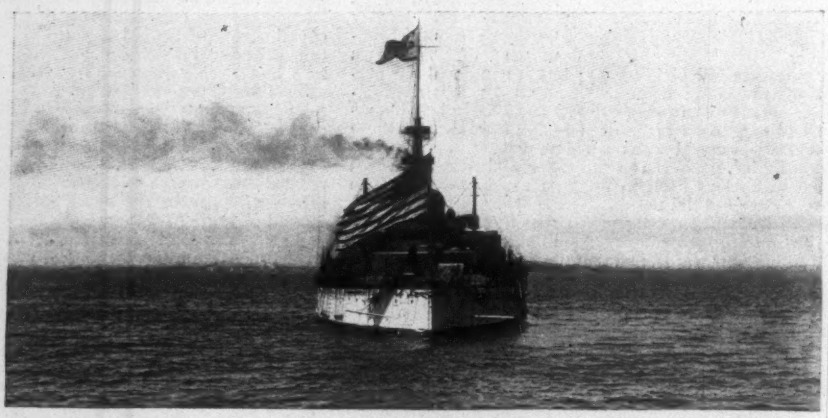
In view of these figures the performance of the *Massachusetts* is noteworthy. The *Indiana's* record, with bottom uncleaned, was 15.61 knots. The *Massachusetts*, thoroughly groomed, beats this by more than half a knot. But the most remarkable thing in the test was the fact that for 6.2 knots, between two buoys, the *Massachusetts* made a record of 17.3 knots speed, thus exceeding the theoretical speed of the newest English battle-ships. The English ships, it may be said, rarely achieve their theoretical speed, even on a measured mile course, with steam "bottled up" for the occasion.

It is for such reasons that the assertion of superiority is made for the *Massachusetts*. Having nearly 3000 less tonnage than the English ships, and therefore being a smaller target, and also having a greater delivery of projectiles, her admirers declare that she is peerless. It has been computed that in a half-hour's engagement the *Massachusetts* could throw 83,000 pounds of projectiles, or more than 41 tons of metal. She has four 13-inch guns, four 8-inch guns, two 6-inch guns, twenty 6-pounders, and four 1-pounders. The 13-inch guns throw projectiles weighing 1100 pounds each; the 8-inch guns throw projectiles weighing 250 pounds each; the 6-inch guns, projectiles weighing 100 pounds; the 6-pounders, weighing 6 pounds; and the 1-pounders, weighing 1 pound. The 13-inch guns may each be fired every three minutes; the 8-inch guns every minute; the 6-inch guns twice every minute; and the others every three seconds.

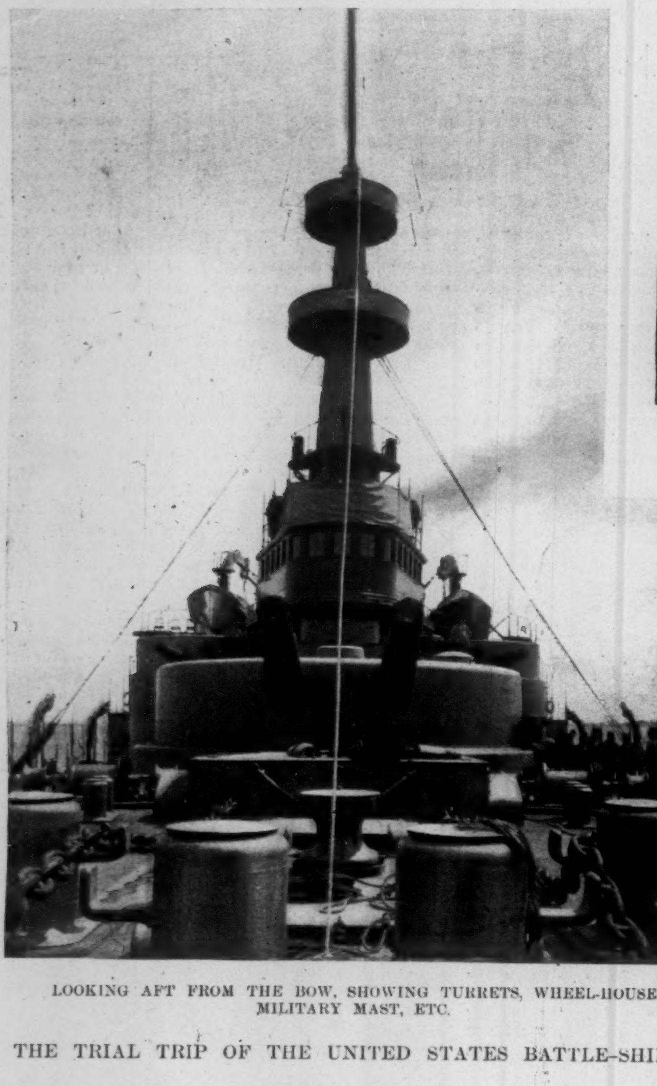
There is good reason why each ship should surpass a sister ship in speed, especially when the ships come from the same yard. The contractors and their workmen become more skilled in building the later vessels, and each trial trip makes the next one easier for those engaged in it.

These trips are exciting occasions, and call for trying display of nervous energy. As each test occurs there are fewer false motions, greater confidence, and less nervousness. It is for these reasons that the *Minneapolis* surpassed the *Columbia* in speed, and that now the *Massachusetts* has beaten the record of the *Indiana*.

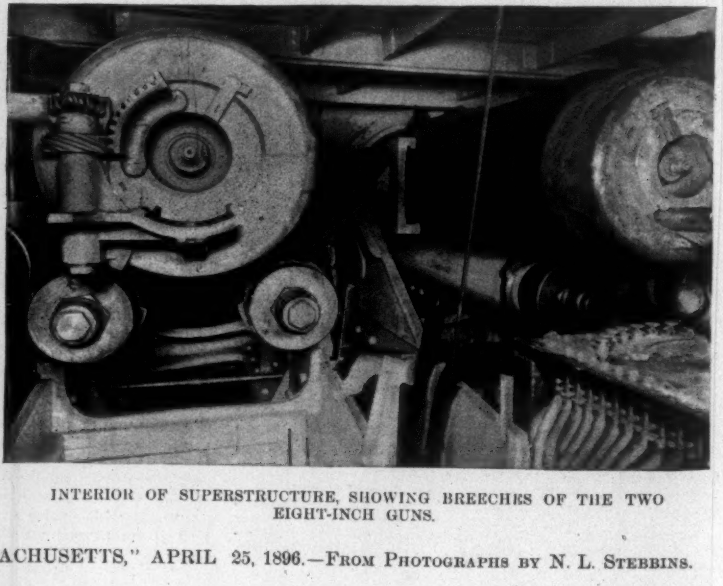
The steadiness of the *Indiana* and *Massachusetts* has been a great surprise to naval men. Battle-ships are supposed to be somewhat top-heavy, and consequently to roll to a great extent at sea. Captain R. D. Evans, of the *Indiana*, is said to have remarked that he was never on a war-ship which rolled so little as the *Indiana*. A similar report comes from the performance of the *Massachusetts*. Her big guns were turned with ease in every direction while the ship was rolling, and in no case was the roll increased perceptibly by this action.



STERN VIEW.

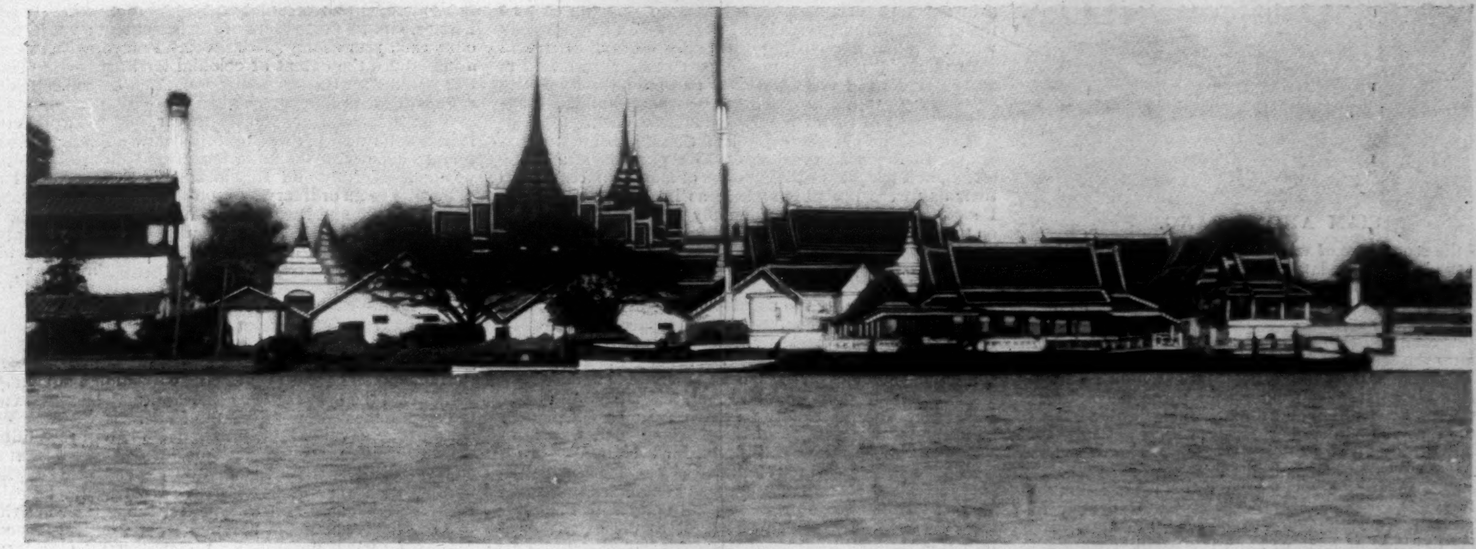


LOOKING AFT FROM THE BOW, SHOWING TURRETS, WHEEL-HOUSE, MILITARY MAST, ETC.

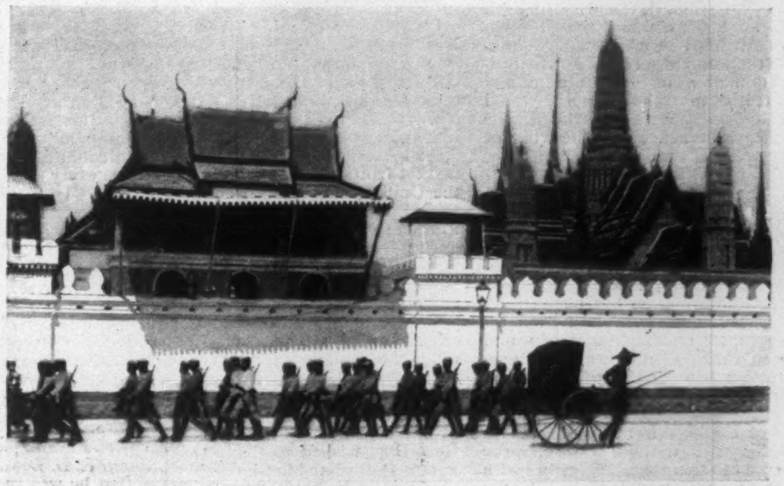


INTERIOR OF SUPERSTRUCTURE, SHOWING BREECHES OF THE TWO EIGHT-INCH GUNS.

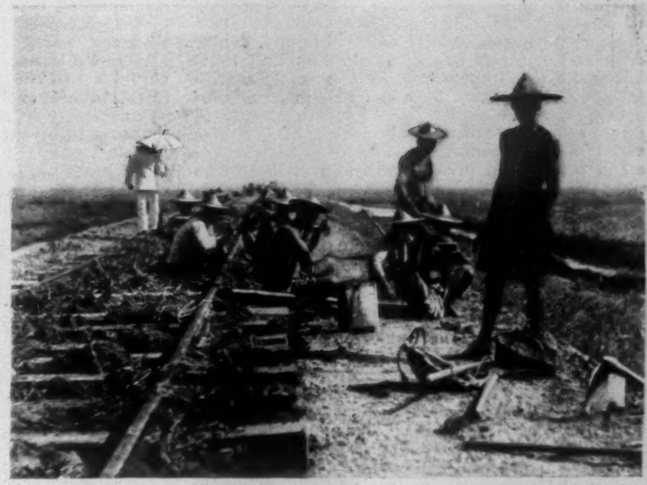
THE TRIAL TRIP OF THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "MASSACHUSETTS," APRIL 25, 1896.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY N. L. STEBBINS.



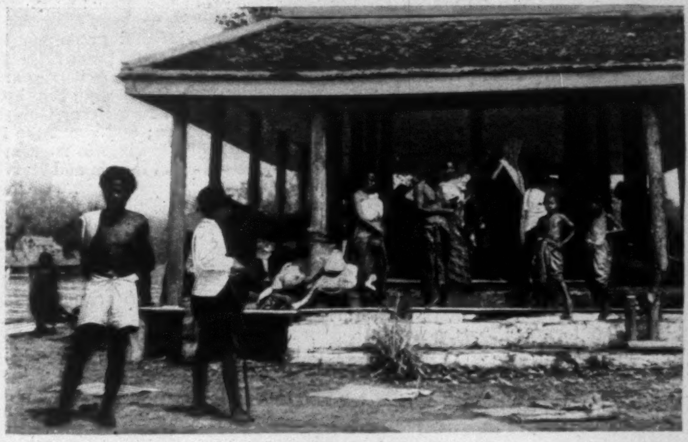
KING'S PALACE, FROM WAT-PO, LOOKING ACROSS THE RIVER MENAM.



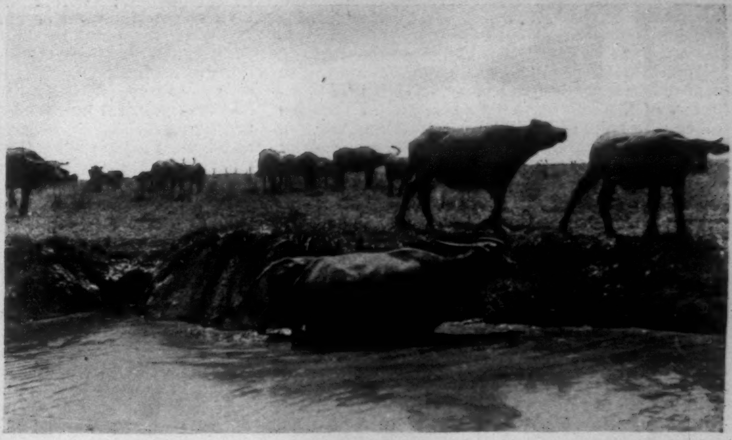
PARADE OF THE KING'S GUARD UNDER THE WALLS OF THE PALACE, BANGKOK.



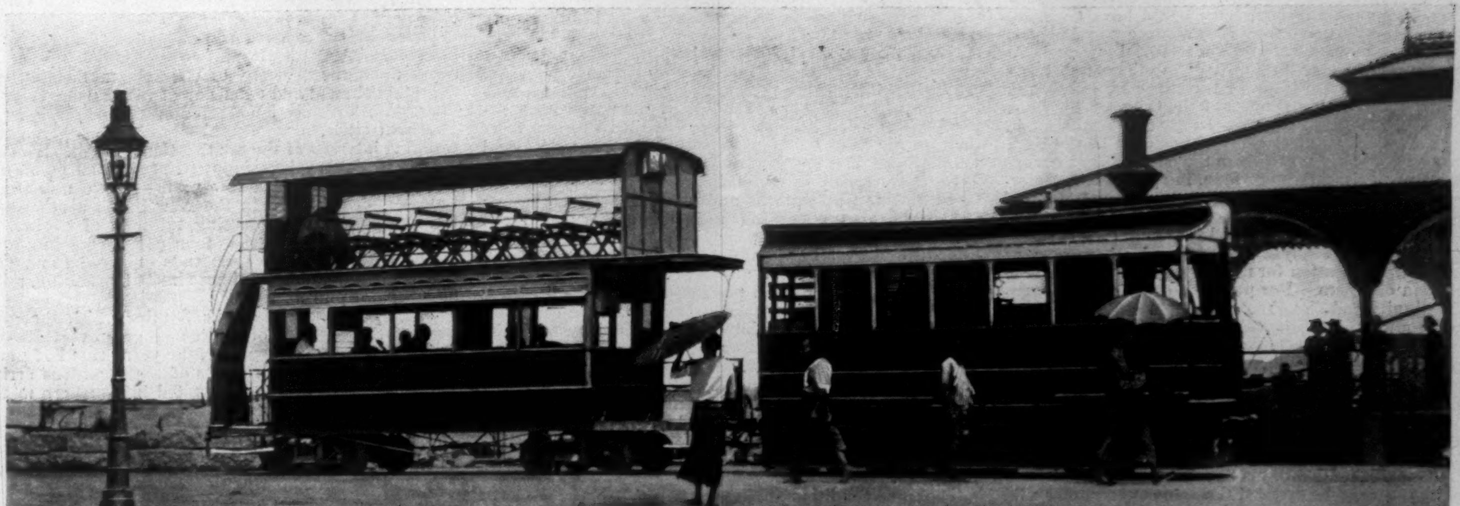
EMPLOYMENT OF CHINESE COOLIES IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF SIAM'S RAILWAY.



NATIVE REST-HOUSE OR INN AT AYUTHIA.



DOMESTICATED WATER-BUFFALO.



STEAM-MOTOR STREET RAILWAY, PENANG.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN SIAM AND PENANG.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 466.]

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

SIAM AND PENANG.

If the score or so of wives whose presence made lively the home of the late lamented Brigham Young gave point to Artemus Ward's now venerable joke about the Mormon leader being a very much married man, it becomes a little difficult to find any words that will adequately describe the connubial bliss which ought to pertain to the King of Siam. Unlike the khaliffs and sultans of Eastern story, the King has no harem of favorites, but is simply a gentleman who is possessed, according to the custom of his nation and the exigencies of his exalted station, of what to the sober Western imagination seems like a superfluity of wives. Nobody seems to know exactly how many wives he has, indeed there is a doubt whether he has ever undergone the exertion of counting them, and it is even whispered in court circles that his Highness probably knows them by numbers rather than by name. It is said that the present King of Siam is a peculiarly amiable and domesticated character, and there can be no doubt that his family affections have had full play, for so large is his family that the palace at Bangkok is like a small town, in which there is contained, among other things too numerous to mention, a good-sized school which is devoted to the purpose of educating the children of the royal family. These number several hundreds, and seem to lead a pleasant and harmonious life, being apparently on as good terms with one another as the average boys and girls in families of less imposing extent.

There are two classes of wives, however, and of course two grades of royal children in Siam—those who are queens and princes and princesses royal, and those who are merely the King's wives and children. To be a queen as well as a king's wife in Siam it is necessary that the lady should be a very near blood-relation to his Majesty, generally half-sisters, but in no case more distant in blood than a first cousin. The children of these queens are the royal princes and princesses, and from among them the heir to the throne must be selected. The present heir to the throne of Siam is a young man who is a student at the University of Oxford, in England, and the young prince is said to be clever and intelligent. Several other boys who might find themselves, failing the present heir-apparent's living long enough to reign, on the throne, are at one or other of the great English schools, being educated in all respects as English gentlemen, and the fact is perhaps as high a tribute as could be paid to the wisdom of the present King.

It is not only, however, in his way of dealing with his large family that the present King of Siam has shown himself a rare exception to the rule amongst Eastern potentates, but also in his frank acceptance of the truth that the new age is introducing new conditions, to which the powers that be must conform, under penalty of being soon converted into powers that were. Situated as his kingdom is between the possessions of Britain on the west and those of France on the east, he has recognized the truth that his kingdom must become progressive if it is to escape the fate of Burmah on the one side and of Tonquin on the other. In spite of his ill health, which makes him almost a confirmed invalid, he has shown immense energy in this direction. Already the government railway of Siam has advanced far towards completion in the very efficient hands in which he has placed it. The work is an altogether excellent one, and in the hands of the King's English contractor it has been constructed not only well, but cheaply, by the aid of the Chinese coolie labor which is available in unlimited supply and on the most reasonable terms. The present section, consisting of about two hundred miles, will be in good working order this year, and it is scarcely possible to overestimate the development of which it may become the agent in Siam. Its direction has been so designed as to bring it into the easiest connection with the proposed eastward extension of the railroad of British Burmah towards the Chinese border, and it will also form an easy link between the same and the French railway now in course of construction from the southeast. The royal railway of Siam will be the personal property of the sovereign, and undoubtedly the investment will be the very best to which so large a portion of the accumulated wealth in the royal treasury could have been applied. In all Eastern countries in which the population is large enough railways have been a financial success, and the experience of the electric railway in the capital shows that the Siamese are as fond of travelling by rail as any other of the ease-loving peoples of the Orient. There is, besides, a special reason for the success of a railroad in Siam which does not exist everywhere, even in the East. There are practically no roads in the country, and except by means of water-carriage, which, in spite of its numerous rivers and canals, by no means extends to all parts of the country, there is no means of conducting traffic between different parts of the kingdom.

In the absence of anything like roads, there was, of course, no great occasion for the development of means of transport in old Siam. For purposes of war, or for occasions of dignity and state, the elephant was there, as elsewhere in southern Asia, the sole reliance; but for the more common affairs of life the buffalo of the country, sometimes called the water-buffalo, has always been used. He is a much less promising-looking animal for such purposes than the zebu-ox of the Indian Peninsula, being at once much more clumsy and slow in his movements and far less safe and domestic-looking. There is, indeed, something of the same wicked sullen look about the Siamese buffalo's eye which distinguishes that of his South African relative, and makes him more to be dreaded than almost any other wild animal in the Dark Continent. In spite of this the clumsy animal is used for purposes of rough draught, and in his slow and ungainly fashion he has probably answered the purpose at a period when and among a people with whom, as with most Asiatics, time was a matter of supreme indifference. The Siamese buffalo is a very ugly animal, large-boned, angular, hairless as an elephant, and with a skin generally of a mouse-gray color, or—in the case of the albinos, a numerous class in Siam—of a dirty muddy white. When not feeding they may be said to live in the water, and it is a common experience for the steamers on the rivers to have repeatedly to sound their whistles before they can induce the herds of clumsy animals slowly to roll out of their course and let them pass.

Ayuthia, the ancient capital of Siam, is a curious example of departed greatness. The place is almost deserted, and in spite of the remains of many palaces that in their day were probably at least as imposing as those of Bangkok to-day, it is a melancholy looking place, except on the occasions of great national festivals, such as a great elephant drive, when wild elephants are driven into the great enclosure for the royal amusement. On these or any like occasions the people are at liberty to gamble for three days without paying the usual percentage on their stakes and winnings to the contractor who farms the gambling taxes, and they assemble by thousands to indulge in the one great national pastime. Everybody—man, woman, and child—gambles on these occasions, the only class shut out being the priests, who, however, take a hand by means of prayers of an unusually fervent character, which they offer up for the success of those whose luck they have some more or less powerful reason for backing.

The recent political developments by which Great Britain and France have come to a friendly arrangement about the boundaries of what shall constitute Siam for the future lends some new interest to the extension of railroads through the Straits Settlements and the various protected states that occupy most of the long point of the Malay Peninsula. In these states there are a number of short railways, most of them very successful, but the new arrangement, which practically makes the whole length of the peninsula British territory, will inevitably lead to their early connection in a trunk line which will communicate with Burmah, and thence before long with the Indian lines. Of course the dominions of Siam have suffered by this to some extent, but it seems to have been regarded as a necessary set-off against what was taken by France that something should also be taken under the wing of England.

THE COST OF EMPIRE.

In the eighteenth century the Universal Brotherhood of Mankind was preached, and it seemed as if the many barriers which divided peoples and countries were about to be broken down. The nineteenth century has, on the other hand, seen the growth of nationalities. The nation became the object of diplomacy and statesmanship, and only recently we have seen unified Germany and Italy accomplished where unification had been long regarded as the dream of the politician. Are we now to witness the rise and establishment of empires? This would seem to be the logical progress of events. It is the fashion to speak of empire as something to be desired. The glamour of possession, and the sense of strength which grows with that possession, blind the would-be imperialists to the great and increasing responsibilities attending the fitting use of this strength. Whether the colony or protected state be in Africa or in South America, an island or a part of a continent; whether the population be barbaric or civilized, agricultural or non-productive—certain duties must be performed by the protecting power. Any default in performance of these duties is attended by fearful costs to all involved. The colony, thrown back upon its own resources, painfully reaches out for self-sufficiency and true political independence, and may obtain neither until generations of revolution and anarchy have educated the people to a realization of what is essential to good government. In the mother-country industrial and commercial relations are temporarily paralyzed and heavy losses ensue. Political unrest and agitation repress enterprise and create a fearsomeness destructive to material development. The moral influence is also bad; for the abuse of power, and especially where the abuse appeals to the greed of man, deadens the sense of justice and breeds contempt for the rights of others. The profits of empire are so problematical that the more probable losses should be carefully weighed before any state incurs new responsibilities or increases those already in existence. Yet the cost of empire has been the last question to be presented in recent debates, and as yet has in no instance been so fully stated as even to indicate how large a sum of national prestige and of national resources is put at stake in a colonial venture.

The nations of Europe maintain standing armies of a size greater than has been recorded in history, and navies by the side of which the fleets of a half-century ago would be as driftwood. The armies of the Continent are maintained to preserve peace and political integrity against the possibility of an attack from without. The navies are sustained and continually increased on the same plea, and are further intended to protect commercial relations, relations on which the very existence of the nation may depend. These implements of war have been turned from their police function of preserving peace to secure and maintain colonial possessions in other parts of the world. When sovereignty is established it is necessary to guard these outlying possessions and protect their commerce; the cost of this function falls upon the mother-country, as most of the colonies are poor in resources. It would be difficult to draw a line rigidly between the cost of defending the mother-country and defending the colonies or protectorates were it even possible to separate in interest the possessed from the possessor. No one can question, however, that were the United Kingdom alone to be defended a very much smaller naval force would suffice. With colonies in every part of the globe, England is peculiarly vulnerable to attack, and the weakest and smallest possession must receive as great attention for defence and protection as the strongest and largest. Towards the maintenance of the navy no dependency contributes, and the entire cost is borne by the people of the United Kingdom.

The same condition applies to countries other than England which have been reaching out for colonial empire. In no instance is the dependency of sufficient weight to be allowed to control its foreign relations, on which peace or war so largely depends. The first cost of empire, therefore, is involved in the expense of a navy; and that this is true the annual expenses of the navy may be compared with the territorial expanse to be protected. Germany has entered upon colonial enterprise more recently than France, and its possessions are of less extent; yet its navy costs each year nearly $18,000,000. France, with two and a half times the extent of colonial territory, appropriates $49,000,000 for the same purpose. The United Kingdom spends less proportionately in naval expenses, but is obliged to expend $70,000,000 a year, and is in perpetual fear lest its naval efficiency fall below a strength necessary to cope with the ambitions and jealousies of other powers. If Italy and Russia be included, the total expenditure in an ordinary year on this arm of the service is $200,000,000; and in an extraordinary year, under the influence of a war scare, half as much again may be appropriated to build and equip new ships, a measure which involves additional expenditures in many directions.

A similar estimate of the cost of the army would give an even greater sum. For every dollar annually spent on the navy three are expended on the army, and the five powers named pay out for the service $600,000,000 each year. Of this one-half may be considered as necessary for home defence and to cover the educational advantages incident to the system; the other half may be set down as the requirements for imperial defence. If we allow one-third of the naval expenditure and one-half of the military expenditure for what the nation as distinguished from the empire requires, there remains an expenditure of $433,000,000 each year of peace above what would be called for were the powers of Europe to confine their activities to the home sphere and not undertake political responsibilities in distant parts. WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

GARDEN TRUCK FROM THE SOUTH.

One stormy morning last March, when the streets of New York were filled with snow and slush, I wandered into Washington Market. As I stopped in front of a stand to look at the display of garden truck, the dealer came forward and said: "Would you like some Florida strawberries to-day, sir? Fifty cents a box. Here are some new potatoes and onions from Bermuda."

And so, on this cold winter day, you could find in the market fruits and vegetables drawn from every section of the United States, and even from abroad. In the vegetable line there were in market tomatoes and beans from Florida; cucumbers and mushrooms from Long Island; lettuce from Providence, Rhode Island; celery from Kalamazoo, Michigan. There were sprouts and artichokes for those who might consider the imported better than the home-grown vegetables.

The simple truth of the matter is that there is no longer any division by seasons in the New York vegetable market. The truck farmers of the South have done away with all that. For it is now about as easy to have fresh and green vegetables in midwinter as in midsummer. In the early seventies strawberries in market in March were as rare as snowballs in June. In those days, when Mrs. Gold-Dust wished to tickle the palates of a few chosen guests, she ordered hot-house berries at $10 and $15 a box. The berries, some twenty-five in a box, were thus worth about fifty cents apiece, and five or six of them were tied together with dainty ribbon and served with much *éclat*. This winter the lady could buy a whole box of Florida berries for the same price that she used to pay for one strawberry.

Week after week strawberries and green vegetables from the South become more and more plentiful, cheaper and cheaper, in the market. The Florida berries are followed by ripe strawberries from Charleston, South Carolina; then come strawberries from New Berne, Goldsboro, and other points in North Carolina; and about the 1st of May begins the great supply of strawberries from around Norfolk and the berry districts of Virginia and Maryland. So that, at the present writing, not only strawberries but all kinds of vegetables are to be had in the New York market at moderate prices.

The business of raising early vegetables, berries, and small fruits for Northern markets is of comparatively recent growth and development in the South. In fact, trucking in the South has grown and prospered, for the most part, during the past twelve or fifteen years. After the war little attention was paid to growing the products of the garden on a large scale. The principal points in the South where trucking was carried on were the districts around Charleston, South Carolina, and Norfolk, Virginia. The term "garden truck" shows what a slight opinion the people had of those "little things," which have become of more importance in several sections of the South than the cotton crop.

It was not until facilities for transportation were furnished that the trucking interests of the South assumed their present importance. When Florida came into notice, first as a health resort, then as the land of oranges, pineapples, and other fruits, the increase of travel, the influx of capital, and the necessity of close communication led to the establishment and extension of railroad and steamship lines. With connection assured between Florida and the Northern cities, a wonderful stimulus was given to the trucking interests of the South Atlantic coast. Successful truck farming rapidly followed at various points along the line. So that in a few years—as we now measure time—was established in the New South a new and extensive business representing millions of capital, with sales amounting to not less than $15,000,000 in a season, giving employment to thousands of people, and practically sustaining, and at times almost blockading, railroad and steamship lines.

The truck gardens of the South furnish the greater part of the supplies of fresh and green vegetables and berries during four months of the year—that is, from January till May. The products of these gardens arrive at a time when the supply is limited in Northern markets. All this truck brings good prices and finds a ready sale. The result is, truck farming in the South has proved to be an immensely profitable industry, and a great number of "truckers" have become wealthy through supplying the "little things" of their gardens.

There are any number of truck farms all over the South. Some of the farms where trucking is conducted on a large scale are from 75 to 100 acres in extent. Most of the truck farms are much smaller, ranging from ten to fifteen acres. But a ten-acre patch will often yield the owner $2000 worth of truck in a season.

The principal trucking centres of the South Atlantic

States, naming them in order from south to north, are: Savannah, Georgia; Charleston, South Carolina; New Berne and Wilmington, North Carolina; and the country for ten miles about Norfolk, Virginia. There is yet no trucking centre in Florida. The industry in that State has developed greatly since the disastrous freeze of 1886, which ruined hundreds of orange groves. The subsequent freezes showed the uncertainty of fruit culture, and turned attention to the growing of strawberries and early vegetables for the many winter-resort hotels and Northern markets.

There are a number of truck farms at various points along the Indian River. The Polk County lake region is noted for its tomato-fields. There are 2500 or 3000 acres planted to this crop alone. Here you find tomatoes growing in cleared fields, among the trees in the orange and lemon groves, or in the open pine woods. The shipments from this region in 1895 aggregated 125,000 crates. Early in the season—that is, in March and April—when a three-peck crate of tomatoes sells for $4 in Philadelphia and New York, the growers reap large profits.

The headquarters of the Florida strawberry industry are in Alachua and Bradford counties. The principal shipping-places are Gainesville, Starke, and Lawtey. A field of strawberries near Lawtey is shown in our illustration on another page.

The Florida growers begin sending their strawberries about the 1st of March. The early shipments are sent by express in 32-quart crates; then, as the weather becomes warmer, they are carried in refrigerator cars, or in refrigerator boxes. These boxes hold from 64 to 128 quart baskets of strawberries, which are kept fresh and cool by about 200 pounds of artificial ice.

The expense of shipping berries from Florida to New York is quite an item, the ice and freight charges amounting to about 10 cents per quart. Some of the early shipments sold this year as high as 60 and 70 cents per quart, but the average price was perhaps 30 cents per quart in New York. There is not much money in the crop for the grower when prices fall below 25 cents per quart.

The Florida berries and vegetables are followed in the market by the garden truck from South Carolina. The city of Charleston is the centre of one of the greatest trucking areas in the Southern country. Here trucking has been an important industry for many years. Some of the truck farmers have extensive farms, and do a very large business. Two young Frenchmen, who have not been many years in this country, cultivate 400 acres in asparagus and 160 acres in other truck. There are 100 families living on the farm, and at the height of the busy season 600 people are employed. Last year they shipped about 100,000 packages of asparagus, besides 10,000 barrels of cabbage, and thousands of baskets of pease, beans, and lettuce. It is worth mentioning that one of the best truck farms near Charleston is owned and managed by two colored men.

The main trucking area of the Charleston farms is on a strip of land called "the Neck," between the Cooper and Ashley rivers, and comprises about 12,000 acres. There are also several thousand acres devoted to truck farming at Mount Pleasant, and on lands about the harbor and coast. The quantity of truck which is raised in this district is enormous. Last year the amount of truck sold from the Charleston farms was estimated to have brought the sum of not less than three million dollars.

The truck gardens about Charleston show the effects of careful culture, proper tillage, and intelligent farming. The soil, naturally productive, is made more so by liberal manuring and fertilizing. The strawberry yields here are three times as large as those produced in Florida, where 1500 quarts per acre is considered a good crop. A strawberry-field on the farm of the late John Nix at Mount Pleasant is shown. And a fine sight it is in early morn, when scores of pickers, white and colored, grown persons and children, are picking the ripe berries from the vines.

The Charleston growers usually begin sending strawberries about the first week in April, and shipments continue some four or five weeks. The bulk of the crop is shipped by fast freight to Philadelphia, New York, and other Northern cities. The expense is from six to seven cents per quart. Some of the green vegetable stuff that will not easily spoil is sent by boat.

Next in order come the products of the truck farms of eastern North Carolina, where the season is two weeks later than at Charleston. New Berne and Wilmington are the centres of heavy trucking areas. The trucking area of the New Berne gardens lies between the Neuse and Trent rivers, and comprises about 10,000 acres. The land is almost a dead level, and exceedingly well adapted for trucking. Besides, the location is favorable for transportation by water or rail. Two steamship lines, the Clyde and Old Dominion, carry large quantities of truck from this point. Two steamers of the Norfolk and Southern Railroad make three weekly trips between New Berne and Elizabeth City, at which place freight is loaded on through cars for Philadelphia and New York.

In the busy season the railroad runs two trains daily, each train carrying from 3000 to 4000 boxes and barrels; while the steamers take from 10,000 to 12,000 of them a week. The farms about New Berne and Elizabeth City produce large quantities of potatoes, two crops being grown annually. According to a recent statement made to the writer the truck shipped from New Berne last year amounted to 70 train-loads, or about 240,000 boxes and barrels, and 150,000 packages by steamer. The value of this truck is estimated to have been about one million of dollars.

From Wilmington to Goldsboro, along the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, almost every station is a shipping-point for strawberries and truck. The most attention is paid to strawberries, and many of the growers have been very successful. At Mount Olive one truck farmer, who has about 70 acres in cultivation, 33 being in strawberries, told me that two years ago his berry crop brought $16,000. He figured that his net profits were not less than one-half of that, or $8000. The shipments here begin about the 20th of April, and last about a month. The berries are sent to New York at a cost of five cents per quart.

The truck from North Carolina is followed into market by that from Norfolk, Virginia. This is the centre of the greatest trucking area in the South. The location of Norfolk, with quick railroad and water transportation, gives it many advantages. The trucking country is almost surrounded by salt water, and is cut in by numerous sounds and channels from the ocean, from Chesapeake Bay, from Hampton Roads, and from the Elizabeth and James rivers. Besides, the warm waters of the Gulf Stream make the season earlier than at inland farms in the same latitude, and admit of the growing of a greater variety of vegetables than can be safely attempted elsewhere.

The trucking business of the Norfolk district is so great that only a few general features can here be given. The value of the crops is estimated by competent persons to be not less than $5,000,000 annually. Some of the largest truckers do a business of $100,000 in a year. Take, for example, one truck farm where the season's supplies alone were 600 barrels of seed potatoes, 12 barrels of beans for seed, 2 barrels of cucumber seed, 40 pounds of cabbage seed, 1000 berry crates, 10,000 boxes, 25,000 barrels, and $12,000 worth of fertilizers. This will give some idea of what is handled on a fair-sized truck farm, without taking into account the enormous numbers and quantities of shipments.

The truck farmers of this section are perhaps the most progressive and successful people of their class. They are up to date not only in farming, but in business. They are in daily touch with the markets of Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, and other large cities. They receive telegraphic reports from these cities every day, and so the truckers know the conditions and wants of all the principal markets as early as eight or nine o'clock in the morning. They know also by that time what their stuff has brought. For example, the telegraph message from the New York dealer reads: "New York, April 15. John Smith,—Your berries sold for 25 cents; asparagus $4 per dozen.—John Jones."

During the busy season solid trains of truck are sent by fast freight to the Northern cities. Three years ago the experiment was tried for the first time of sending trains of truck to Chicago and Cincinnati. The time from Norfolk to the principal cities is as follows: Philadelphia, ten hours by rail, eighteen by water; New York, twelve hours by rail, twenty-one by water; Boston, twenty-four hours by rail, forty by water; Chicago, thirty-four hours by rail; and the same time to St. Louis.

Of course many of the truck farmers have prospered and grown rich. Mr. William F. Wise, who is a prominent and successful trucker, writes of his brethren as follows: "The truck farmers form a very important factor in the business interests of Norfolk and vicinity, as they figure prominently in many enterprises. One of the truckers is president of a bank; several are bank directors. A fertilizer manufacturing company, a crate and box factory, a brick and tile works, several stores, a railroad, a warehouse and compress, a large land company, and numerous other local enterprises are managed and largely owned by the truck farmers. The steam ferry between Norfolk and West Norfolk was created and is managed by them; the finest mercantile buildings in Norfolk and Portsmouth belong to the truckers, who are in fact a great power in money, brains, and enterprise in this seaport."

From the beginning of the trucking season, say in March, there is a steady and gradually increasing flow of garden truck. In a great city like New York the railroad and steamship lines dump a mountain of green and fresh vegetables and berries every day. The wonder is how such a mass of perishable food can be distributed in time. If you wish to see how it is done you should go to railroad depots and steamship docks about midnight. Then you will see the long lines of wagons of the dealers waiting for their share. As soon as sales are made the truck is carried to the various places in the vicinity of the markets, to the stores on Greenwich, Washington, and other streets. Later on the retail dealers and corner grocerymen come for their supplies. And lo! the mountain of Southern greens has disappeared. Through what a rumble of wheels and machinery must the truck pass before it can come upon our tables! Few of us ever think that the whole commissariat energy of New York has really revolved around the humble potato which we hold on our fork.

LEE J. VANCE.

MAY BLOOM.

It isn't the bloom of the apple that blows on the tree;
  It isn't the lilac that blows in a delicate spray;
It isn't the blue of the sky, or the blue of the sea,
  Or the red of the rose, that betokens the season of May.

It isn't the prescience of summer's mellifluous tide;
  It isn't the cloudship of snow o'er the emerald lea;
It isn't the scent of the wood, or the swallow aglide,
  Wind-tossed, or the gold-hearted lily that cradles the bee.

Oh, I know that the season is May by the mystical thrill
  Of her smile as she walks like a dream down the dim garden way:
When I live in her smile, though the wind drifts the snow on the hill,
  All my heart's a rose-garden 'neath skies of perennial May.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

GRAYSON'S BABY.

BY JOHN FOX, JUN.

THE first snow sifted in through the Gap that night, and in a "shack" of one room and a low loft a man was dead, a woman was sick to death, and four children were barely alive; and nobody even knew. For they were hill people, who sicken, suffer, and sometimes die, like animals, and make no noise.

Grayson, the Virginian, coming down from the woods that morning, saw the big-hearted little doctor outside the door of the shack, walking up and down, with his hands in his pockets. He was whistling softly when Grayson got near, and without stopping, pointed with his thumb within. The oldest boy sat stolidly on the one chair in the room, his little brother was on the floor hard by, and both were hugging a greasy stove. The little girl was with her mother in the bed, both almost out of sight under a heap of quilts. The baby was in a cradle, with its face uncovered, whether dead or asleep Grayson could not tell. A pine coffin was behind the door. It would not have been possible to add to the disorder of the room, and the atmosphere made Grayson gasp. He came out looking white. The first man to arrive thereafter took away the eldest boy, a woman picked the baby girl from the bed, and a childless young couple took up the pallid little fellow on the floor. These were step-children. The baby boy that was left was the woman's own. Nobody came for that, and Grayson went in again and looked at it a long while. So little, so old, a human face he had never seen. The brow was wrinkled as with centuries of pain, and the little drawn mouth looked as though the spirit within had fought its inheritance without a murmur, and would fight on that way to the end. It was the pluck of the face that drew Grayson. "I'll take it," he said. The doctor was not without his sense of humor even then, but he nodded. "Cradle and all," he said, gravely. And Grayson put both on one shoulder and walked away. He had lost the power of giving further surprise in that town, and had he met every man he knew, not one of them would have felt at liberty to ask him what he was doing. An hour later the doctor found the child in Grayson's room, and Grayson still looking at it.

"Is it going to live, doctor?"

The doctor shook his head. "Doubtful. Look at the color. It's starved. There's nothing to do but to watch it and feed it. You can do that."

So Grayson watched it, with a fascination of which he was hardly conscious. Never for one instant did its look change—the quiet unyielding endurance that no faith and no philosophy could ever bring him. It was ideal courage, that look, to accept the inevitable, but to fight it just that way. Half the little mountain town was talking next day—that such a tragedy was possible by the public road-side, with relief within sound of the baby's cry! The oldest boy was least starved. Might made right in an extremity like his, and the boy had taken care of himself. The young couple who had the second lad in charge said they had been wakened at daylight the next morning by some noise in the room. Looking up, they saw the little fellow at the fireplace breaking an egg. He had built a fire, had got eggs from the kitchen, and was cooking his breakfast. The little girl was mischievous and cheery in spite of her bad plight, and nobody knew of the baby except Grayson and the doctor. Grayson would let nobody else in. As soon as it was well enough to be peevish and to cry, he took it back to its mother, who was still abed. A long, dark mountaineer was there, of whom the woman seemed half afraid. He followed Grayson outside.

"Say, podner," he said, with an unpleasant smile, "ye don't go up to Cracker's Neck fer nuthin', do ye?"

The woman had lived at Cracker's Neck before she appeared at the Gap, and it did not come to Grayson what the man meant until he was half-way to his room. Then he flushed hot and wheeled back to the cabin, but the mountaineer was gone.

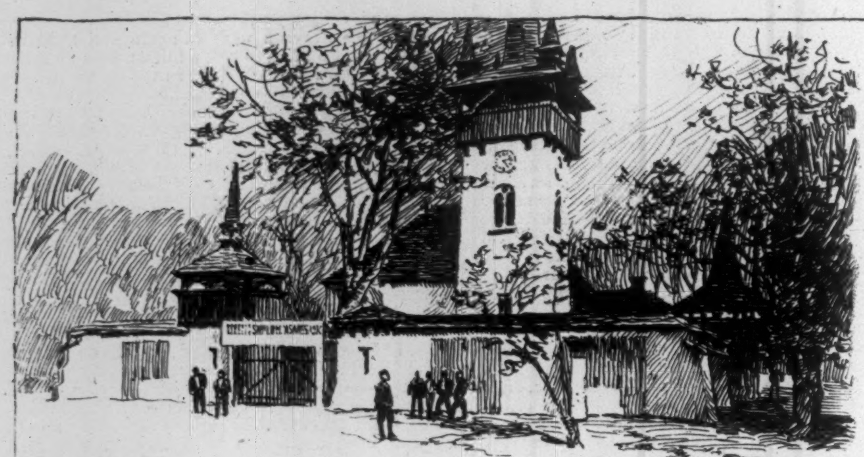
"Tell that fellow he had better keep out of my way," he said to the woman, who understood, and wanted to say something, but not knowing how, nodded simply. In a few days the other children went back to the cabin, and day and night Grayson went to see the child, until it was out of danger, and afterwards. It was not long before the women in town complained that the mother was ungrateful. When they sent things to eat to her the servant brought back word that she had called out, "'Set them over thar,' without so much as thanky." One message was that "she didn' want no second-hand victuals from nobody's table." Somebody suggested sending the family to the poorhouse. The mother said "she'd go out on her crutches and hoe corn fust, and that the people who talked 'bout sendin' her to the po'house had better save their breath to make prayers with." One day she was hired to do some washing. The mistress of the house happened not to rise until ten o'clock. Next morning the woman did not appear until that hour. "She wasn't goin' to work a lick while that woman was a-layin' in bed," she said, frankly. And when the lady went down town, she too disappeared. Nor would she, she explained to Grayson, "while that woman was a-struttin' the streets."

After that, one by one, they let her alone, and the woman made not a word of complaint. Within a week she was working in the fields, when she should have been back in bed. The result was that the child sickened again. The old look came back to its face, and Grayson was there night and day. He was having trouble out in Kentucky about this time, and he went to the Blue Grass pretty often. Always, however, he left money with me to see that the child was properly buried if it should die while he was gone; and once he telegraphed to ask how it was. He said he was sometimes afraid to open my letters for fear that he should read that the baby was dead. The child knew Grayson's voice, his step. It would go to him from its own mother. When it was sickest and lying torpid it would move the instant he stepped into the room, and, when he spoke, would hold out its thin arms, without opening its eyes, and for hours Grayson would walk the floor with the troubled little baby over his shoulder. I thought several times it would die when on one trip Grayson was away for two weeks. One midnight, indeed, I found the mother moaning, and three female harpies about the cradle. The baby was dying this time, and I ran back for a flask of whiskey. Ten minutes late with the whiskey that night would have been too late. The baby got to know me and my voice during that fortnight, but it was still in danger when Grayson got back, and we went to see it together. It was very weak, and we both leaned over the cradle, from either side, and I saw the pity and affection—yes, hungry, half-shamed affection—in Grayson's face. The child opened its eyes, looked from one to the other, and held out its arms to me. Grayson should have known that the child forgot—that it would forget its own mother. He turned, and his face was a little pale. He gave something to the woman, and not till then did I notice that her soft black eyes never left him while he was in the cabin. The child got well; but Grayson never went to the shack again, and he said nothing when I came in one night and told him that some mountaineer—a long, dark fellow—had taken the woman, the children, and the tarnished household gods of the shack back into the mountains.

"They don't grieve long," I said, "these people."

But long afterwards I saw the woman again along the dusty road that leads into the Gap. She had heard over in the mountains that Grayson was dead, and had walked for two days to learn if it was true. I pointed back toward Bee Rock, and told her that he had fallen from a cliff back there. She did not move, nor did her look change. Moreover, she said nothing, and, being in a hurry, I had to ride on.

At the foot-bridge over Roaring Fork I looked back. The woman was still there, under the hot mid-day sun, in the dust of the road, motionless.



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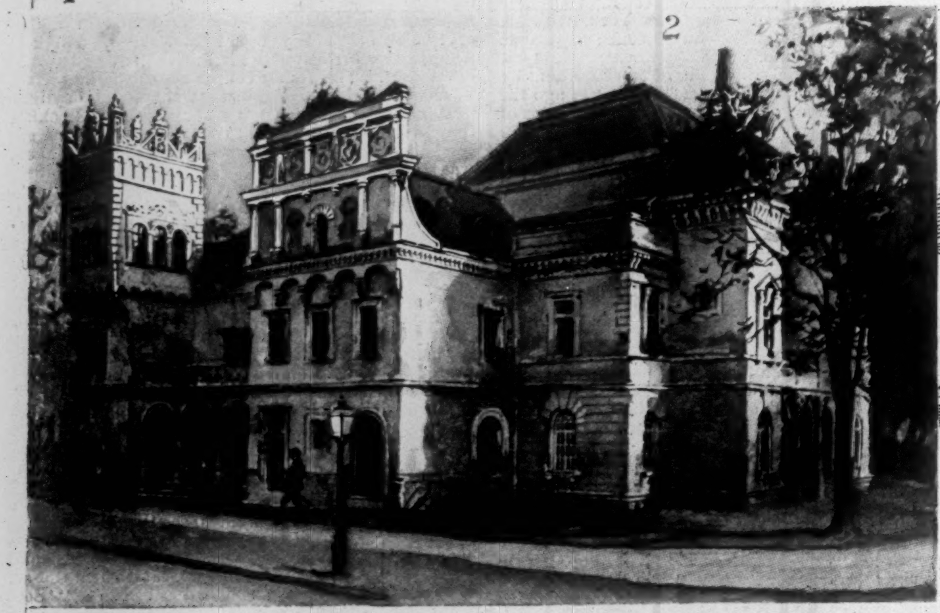

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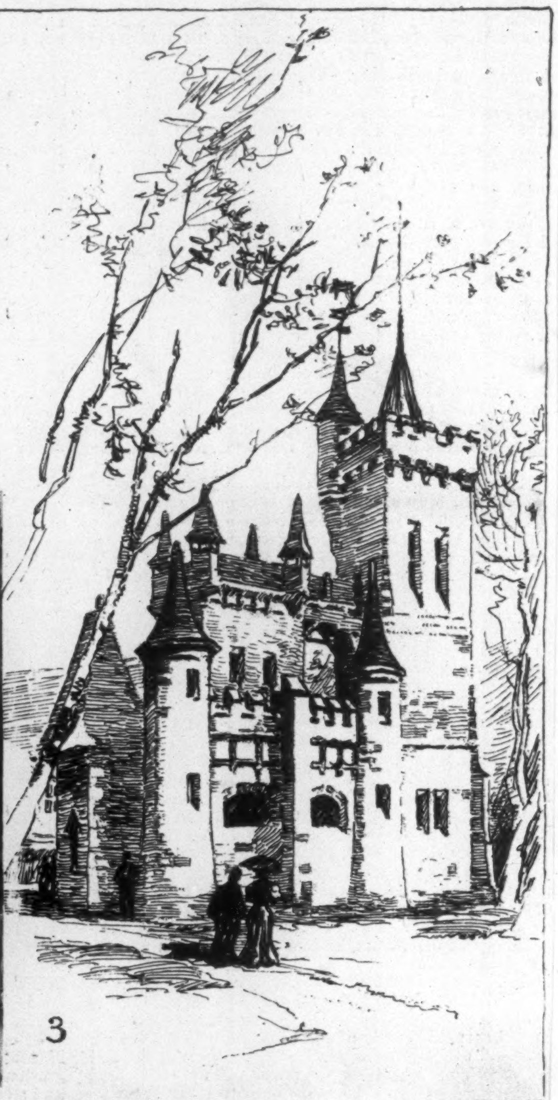

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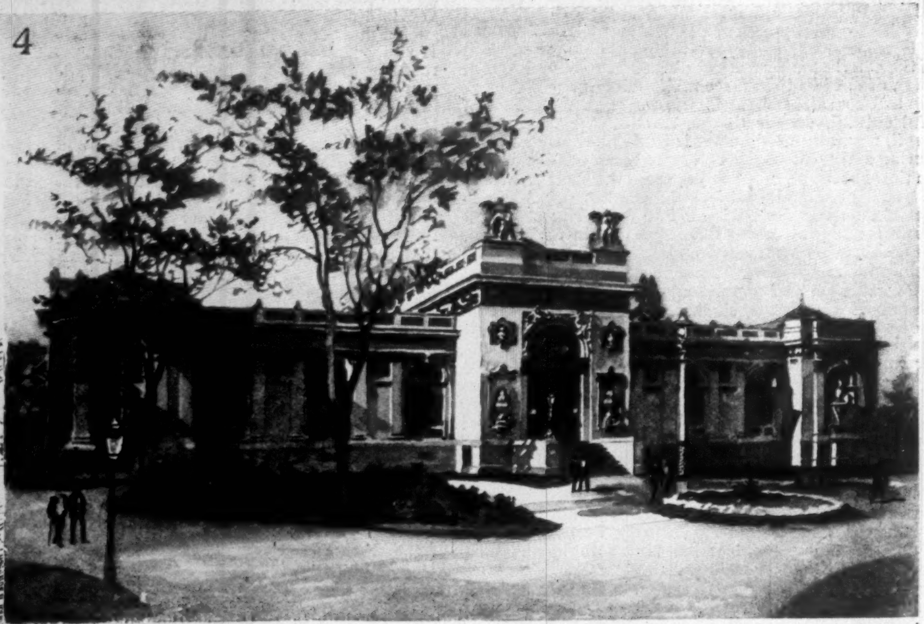

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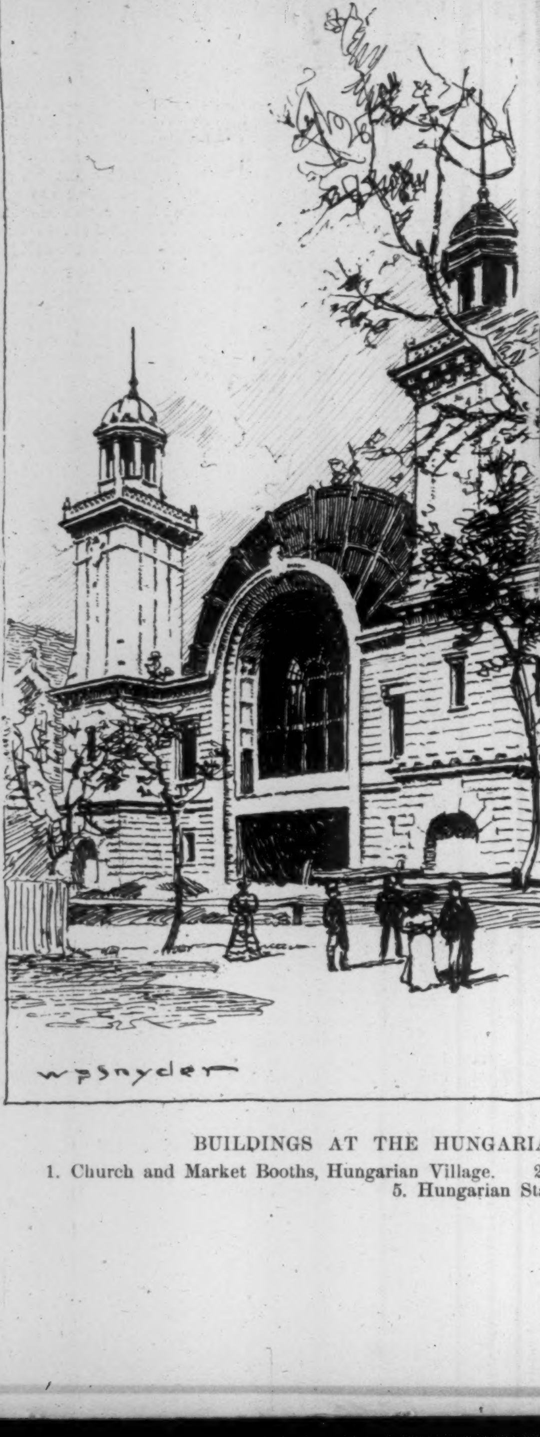

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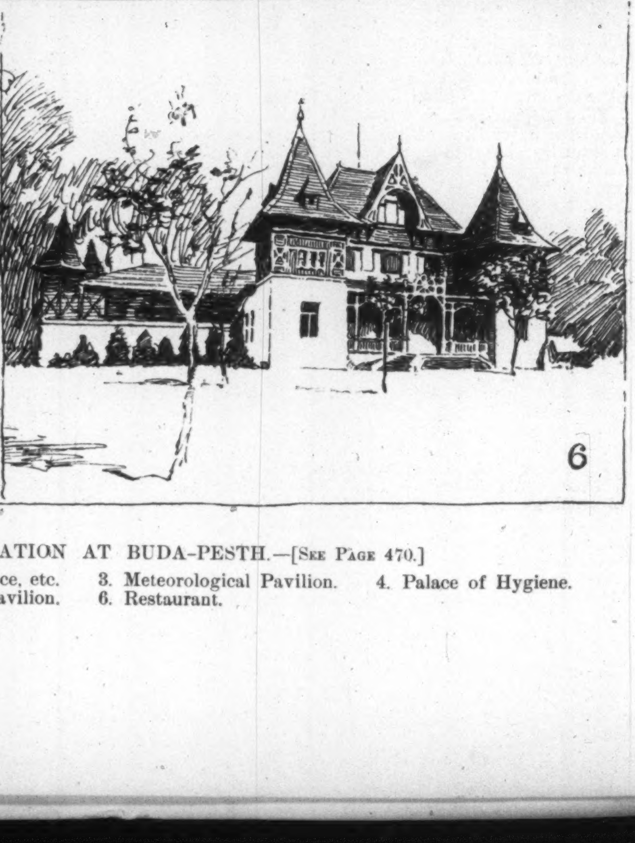

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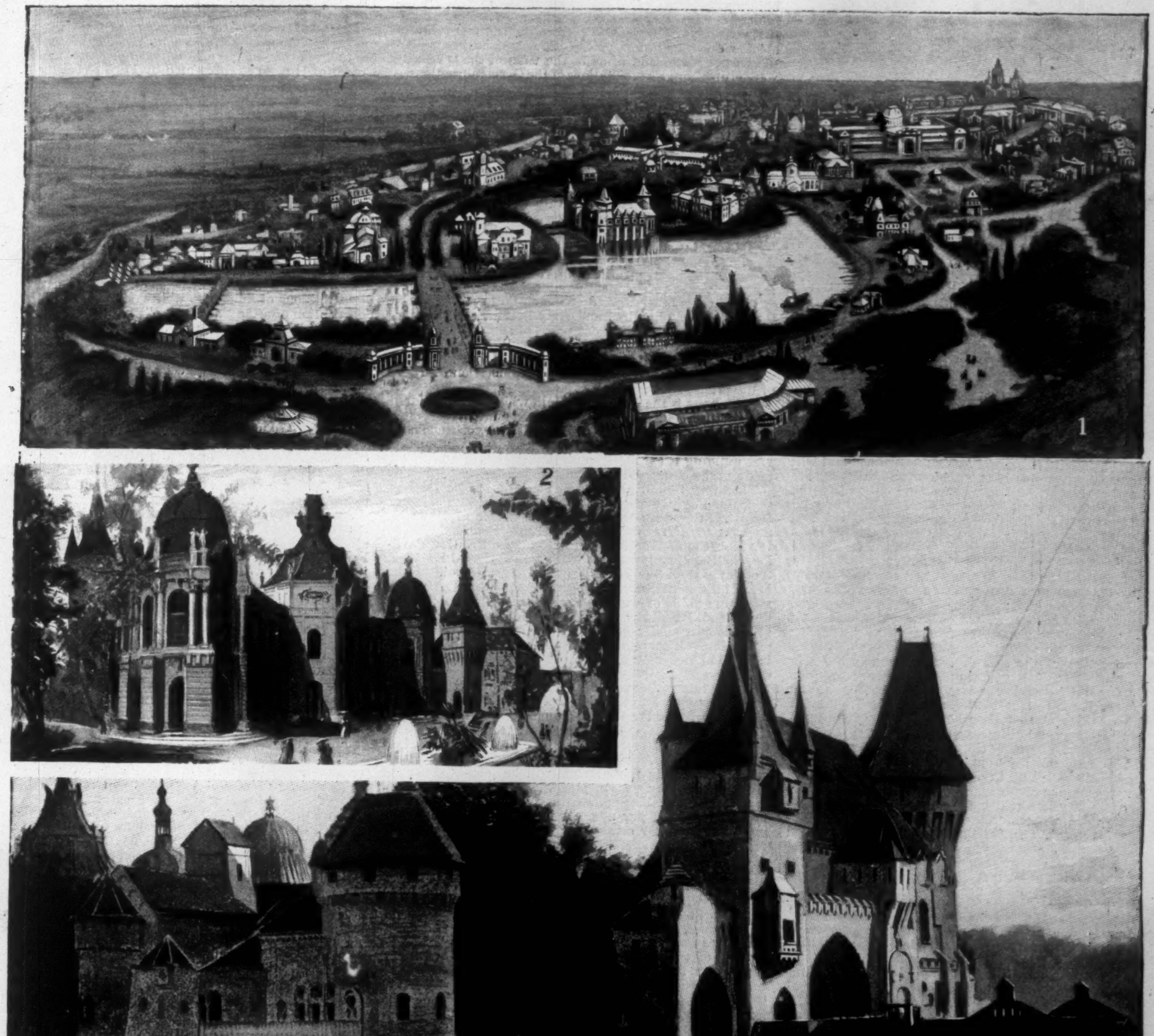
BUILDINGS AT THE HUNGARIAN MILLENNIUM CELEBRATION AT BUDA-PESTH.—[See Page 470.]

1. Church and Market Booths, Hungarian Village. 2. Building of Commerce, Finance, etc. 3. Meteorological Pavilion. 4. Palace of Hygiene. 5. Hungarian State Railroad Machine-Works Pavilion. 6. Restaurant.



BUILDINGS AT THE HUNGARIAN MILLENNIUM CELEBRATION AT BUDA-PESTH.—[SEE PAGE 470.]

1. General View of Buildings and Grounds. 2. Historical Main Group, Renaissance Building. 3. Historical Main Group, Romanesque Building.
4. Historical Main Group, Gothic Building, Main Entrance and Bridge. 5. Palace of Industry. 6. Public Instruction Building.

THE HUNGARIAN MILLENNIUM CELEBRATION.

BY ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL.

THE average American's knowledge of the Hungarian race is apt to be limited to a certain familiarity with the appearance of the blue-uniformed, top-booted gypsy musicians who in the last few years have invaded our various places of amusement, and familiarized us with the wild strains of their characteristic Magyar melodies, czardas, and marches.

It may therefore be a matter of some surprise as well as interest to learn that the celebration of the Hungarian nation which takes place this year in Buda-Pesth is to commemorate the thousandth anniversary of the foundation of Hungary, and that the festivities are planned and will be conducted upon a scale of grandeur and magnificence seldom if ever attempted in Europe, and only surpassed heretofore by our great World's Fair at Chicago. All Europe is interested in this great exposition, which is sure to awaken a general appreciation of the phenomenal progress that has been made (especially in the last twenty-five years) by the Hungarian nation.

The Hungarian, or Magyar, race had its ancient seat in central Asia, where it formed one of that group of Tartaric races to which the Turks and the Finnish and Turkish Tartars also belonged, whose chief means of livelihood lay in the chase, in fishing, and in the rearing of cattle. The migrations of these people brought them in the direction of the Ural Mountains, and in 889 A.D. forty thousand families, counting among them more than two hundred thousand warriors, left their homes, and after many hard-fought battles, reached the frontier of Pannonia, which at that time consisted of several independent realms under different rulers. Upon this migration they became a nation. Up to that time they had been divided into several different races, each under its own special chieftain. But in order to defend themselves against the attacks of the warlike tribes who surrounded this new country into which they had come, these chieftains assembled at Atelkoz, the new father-land, lying between the rivers Pruth, Sereth, and Dniester, and united themselves under one ruler, selecting Arpad, the son of old Almos, the wisest of their chieftains, as their future prince and leader in their westward march of conquest, and raising him upon their shields with mighty cheers, they swore everlasting fidelity and allegiance to him, promising to choose princes from his house only—Arpad, on his part, promising that he and his successors would only govern in unison with the people. Then pushing on westward, they reached the level plains surrounded by the Carpathian Mountains, and watered by the Danube and the Theiss, which form the present kingdom of Hungary.

Here they subdued the Slav and Moravian races, that were established under different princes in independent realms, and Arpad's sway soon extended from the Carpathians down to Servia, and from the eastern borders of Transylvania to the foot of the Styrian Mountains; and from that time (896 A.D.) their history as a nation begins.

The National Exhibition of Hungary, which has just been opened in the city of Buda-Pesth, is therefore intended to celebrate the "Millennium of Hungary," and to evince the moral and intellectual advance of the Hungarian people. It comprises not only complete exhibitions of the agricultural and industrial products of the country, but also to set forth as far as possible the life and pursuits of the people, and reveal the resources of their great nation, and the progress that has been made in every line of public instruction, as well as the great advance the country has made toward taking its share in the economical competition of the progressive nations of the world.

The authorities in charge of the celebration selected the Varosliget, or Town Park, which is beautifully laid out, with its lakes and islands and green fields, as the site on which to erect the necessary buildings for this exhibition. In this park they set apart a space nearly one mile in length and half a mile in width, within which are the numerous buildings and pavilions for the exhibition of the various products of the country.

An idea may be formed of the extent and vastness of this Millennium Exhibition from the fact that within the extraordinarily short space of two years over one hundred and sixty separate buildings and pavilions have been constructed, covering an actual area of ground built upon of one million seven hundred and fifty thousand square feet.

The exhibition grounds are approached from the centre of the city by the splendid straight avenue, over a mile and a half in length, called "Andrassy Ut," or Andrassy Street, which is planted on both sides with trees, and flanked with handsome residences and mansions its entire length, the part near the park having many beautiful villas, some of which are occupied by foreign consuls. Another approach to the exhibition grounds has been made from the centre of the city by an underground electric railway, which carry passengers direct into the grounds.

Fronting the grand avenue is the principal entrance to the exhibition grounds, composed of a triumphal arch in the Pantheonic style, embellished with statues of the great men of Hungary. From this arch you pass over an ornamental iron bridge, which crosses the Serpentine Lake and leads into the centre of the grounds. At the right is the picturesque island upon which the principal group of historical buildings illustrating the architecture of past generations have been constructed. These buildings are *fac-simile* reproductions of old castles still existing in the country, and represent the Gothic, Renaissance, and Romanesque style of architecture. Within these buildings, which form together an imposing pile, are exhibited the various relics of olden times—Roman antiquities, souvenirs of the Turkish invasion, precious relics of mediæval workmanship, prehistoric stone and bronze implements, articles and arms of the time of the "Völkerwanderung," or great migrations of the Germanic nations—in all of which the museums of Hungary are particularly rich.

The second principal entrance is fronting the great Industrial Hall and Commercial Museum, which was built for the exhibition of 1885, and has now been improved and enlarged to contain the manufactures of the country for the present exhibition. Fronting the Industrial Hall is the grand square, tastefully laid out, with brilliant flower-gardens and a grand central avenue, in the middle of which is the kiosk for military bands, and the great electric fountain, which is illuminated in the evening, the whole forming a grand spectacle of ornamental ground. At one side is the large banqueting-hall, which will hold over two thousand people; and on the opposite side are restaurants and refreshment pavilions.

The various other structures which go to make up the total of the one hundred and sixty buildings are picturesquely disposed in different parts of the grounds, each one varying in style of architecture, and containing exhibits of the products, manufactures, and industries of the country. Space will allow for the enumeration of a few of the principal ones only.

The largest is the Machinery Hall, which is six hundred and fifty feet long and one hundred and seventy feet broad, constructed entirely of iron frame-work enclosed within timber and brick ornamental walls. Within this vast building is exhibited every description of machinery made in the country, in full working order.

The other buildings are the Palace of Public Instruction, the Pavilion of Commerce, the Bosnian Palace of Industry, the Agricultural Hall, the Palace of Hygiene, the Carriage Pavilion, the Horticultural Palace, the Wine Pavilion, the Meteorological Pavilion, the Printing Pavilion, the Building Industry Pavilion, the Mineral Pavilion, the Pavilion of the Honvéds, or Hungarian militia, the War Marine Pavilion, fronting the Serpentine Lake, with miniature ships of war, steamers, torpedo-boats, etc., and the splendid Railway Transfer Station, built within the grounds to transfer goods and passengers direct to the exhibition. The remaining buildings are all of great interest in themselves, but too numerous to describe in detail here.

A very interesting part of this Millennium Exhibition is the Hungarian village, which will afford a correct representation of country life in Hungary, showing different styles of farm-houses in different countries, together with a village church and country hotel, or *csarda*, market-booths, shops, etc. There are several streets represented, and the houses in those streets will be inhabited during the exhibition by peasants of the districts they represent, dressed in their national costumes, and occupied in their accustomed pursuits, surrounded by their domestic animals, and every necessary accessory for presenting as true a picture as possible of the national life and habits of the people. The church will be open for services, and marriage ceremonies will be performed during the exhibition gratuitously; and as many young couples among the peasants will take advantage of this romantic idea, the church will be the scene of many a gay wedding during the summer, and the bright costumes of the peasants, bedecked in their wedding finery, will be a most picturesque feature of the exhibition, giving a complete picture of Hungarian rural life, so that the village can hardly fail to become one of the great popular successes of the exhibition.

In connection with this village is represented a part of the old town of O'Buda, or Alt-ofen, as it stood in the time of the Turkish occupation; this part is constructed in the Zoological Gardens, which adjoin the city park, and is approached and connected with the exhibition ground by a bridge over the roadway, so that the whole will be within one enclosure and form part of the Millennium Exhibition.

One of the most important features in connection with the exhibition will be the various Millennium festivities, which have been officially arranged to take place during the whole period of the exhibition. A great historical pageant has been arranged to take place upon a scale of unusual splendor and grandeur.

The Millennium will also be the occasion of the inauguration of the newly erected institutions, as well as the convocation of national and international congresses, to be held by nearly one hundred different social groups, with a view of discussing the results attained in the past, as well as the aspirations of the future. All the constitutive elements of the national power will unite to illustrate from every point of view the importance of the Hungarian nation as an element of political and economical power in modern civilization.

The Millennium festivities commenced on the 2d of May, 1896. On that day the exhibition was opened by his Imperial and Royal Apostolic Majesty Francis the First, King of Hungary and Emperor of Austria, in the presence of the princely guests, the members of the dynasty, the ambassadors of all the civilized nations accredited to the Imperial and Royal Court, the members of both Houses of Parliament, the Hungarian ministers, the joint ministers of the monarchy, the members of the Austrian Legislature, the deputation of the residential city of Buda-Pesth, and deputations from all departments and municipal bodies in the country, and representatives of all scientific and literary societies and institutions of fine arts.

On the following day thanksgiving services were held in all the churches of the country; all the municipal bodies, institutions, and societies assembled at special meetings; gala performances were given at the theatres, the programmes of which comprised dramas, plays, and operas which were written for the occasion, and which have been awarded first prizes in the competitions. Gymnastic and various sporting clubs held races, regattas, shooting matches, etc., for valuable prizes.

Almost without interruption will follow a series of international congresses and land-meetings, accompanied by the inauguration of public buildings. In numerous counties and towns the exhibition of Millennium works of art, memorials, and historical paintings has been provided for by the government as a part of the festivities of the Millennium, and the government will also establish five hundred new public and technical schools in different parts of the country, marking a memorable epoch in the history of Hungarian civilization.

The anniversary of the coronation of the King will be one of the greatest celebrations of the Millennium. On the 5th of June the insignia of the royal power, "the Sacred Crown of Hungary" (presented by Pope Sylvester II. for the coronation of the first king of Hungary, Stephen I., in the year 1000), "the purple mantle," "the orb and the sword and sceptre," comprising the Hungarian regalia, will be placed for three days in the Coronation Church for inspection.

On the 10th of June the high functionaries of the kingdom, comprising "the banderium" (cavalcade) of all the counties, will be assembled, and march in a festival procession, followed by the members of Parliament in their gala equipages, with the insignia of the realm, to the royal palace, and present the homage of the nation to the wearer of the "Crown of St. Stephen"; then the procession will defile before the King and proceed to the new House of Parliament.

This monumental edifice, which has cost the nation over eight millions of dollars, is well worthy of lodging "the constitution of a thousand years," and its opening will be solemnized in a manner fitting the greatest monument of Hungary by holding a Millennium meeting of Parliament—the first that has ever been held in any country—within its halls, marking a strange contrast to the Hungarian Diet of the tenth to fourteenth centuries, which used to be held in the open air in a great field just outside the city, where as many as one hundred thousand men from all quarters of the nation sometimes assembled.

After the meeting is over the national representatives will proceed again to the royal palace, and renew, before the steps of the throne, with the King, the oaths of reciprocal fidelity sworn by their ancestors at Pusztasrei a thousand years ago.

At seven points on the Hungarian frontier, Deveny, Zimony, Munkacs, etc., will be erected the Arpad Memorials, commemorating these points, which were occupied by Prince Arpad ten centuries ago on the occasion of his entry into the country.

The official Millennium festivities will terminate with an important act, in which the whole of Europe is interested. On the 27th of September his Majesty the King of Hungary will open at Orsova the new Ship Navigation Road at the Iron Gates of the Danube, a colossal work, which was initiated by Count Srechenyi, and carried out by Hungarian engineers and with Hungarian capital. It will be then traversed for the first time, and formally handed over to the traffic of the world.

Finally, the generation of the first Millennium will erect for the coming generations a Pantheonic triumphal arch, which shall have statues of all the great men who by their genius and bravery have contributed to raise Hungary to the summit of its present power and prosperity.

The series of official festivities will be diversified by many social, political, and popular gatherings, such as the interparliamentary conference for international courts of arbitration; a congress of journalists, to constitute an international journalistic union; an international congress of art; congresses of historians, actors, tourists, athletes, mountain-climbers, and numerous other gatherings, embracing every intellectual and material interest in the country, in which the leading personages and the highest authorities in the different fields of commerce, industry, communication, etc., will take part, as well as those who are in the van of the literary, spiritual, and philanthropic movements of the country.

Great interest is being displayed by all classes of Hungarian society in carrying out thoroughly the great historical pageant designed by the Hungarian artist Paul Vajo. A number of municipal bodies have offered their co-operation, and hundreds of men and women of Hungary's best society, who bear historical names, have declared their readiness to take part in this pageant.

The people in the pageant of "A Thousand Years" will wear the costumes of the different epochs, and every class of people and race is to be depicted in this grand procession.

To judge from the sketches prepared and the description given, these Millennium festivities and pageants, with all the surrounding splendors, color, and picturesque beauty of the groups, and the symbolical significance of the detail, promise to surpass anything that has ever been produced in Europe on any previous similar occasion, and will no doubt not only interest Hungary and the neighboring states, but will bring thousands of visitors from all parts of Europe and from all the nations of the world, to witness the grand Millennium Exhibition and celebration of Hungary in the residential city of Buda-Pesth.

The city of Buda-Pesth itself, aside from the attractions of the exhibition, well repays a visit. To the traveller from the East, who has broken his trip on the Orient Express there, and has left behind him the narrow, noisome streets of Constantinople, the dingy, steaming, underground baths representing the Eastern idea of luxury, and the shapeless veiled figures of the Eastern women tottering along over the rough pavements in their cheap French patent-leather shoes, this bright city of tiled baths, shaded boulevards, and beautiful women seems a veritable paradise. The hotels are modern, and compare favorably with the best hostelries of London and Paris, and in most of the larger ones will be found winter gardens which rival the palm-room of the Waldorf, and where excellent gypsy bands play every night at the dinner hour.

In the afternoons all Buda-Pesth drives out in the Arena, a broad avenue flanked with double rows of chestnut-trees, with green lawns, and bright flower-gardens, tended by barefoot peasant girls, skirting the Town Park.

Few relics of past centuries remain in the city, the growth and requirements of the new civilization having almost obliterated all the old landmarks; but on the crest of a hill in old Buda, known as the Rozsahegy, or rose hill, rises the tiled roof of a tiny mausoleum, surmounted by a golden crescent, where are entombed the remains of "Gul Baba," the Rose Father, a venerated Turkish saint, and here from all parts of the East come, from time to time, solitary Mohammedans in robes and turbans to offer their prayers at the tomb of the Father of Roses, the only place of Mohammedan pilgrimage in Europe; and then, having folded their prayer-rugs, they take their way silently through the gay city, throbbing with the strains of the wild Magyar music, toward the far East, whither they were driven by Charles of Lorraine more than two hundred years ago.

THE GRAY MAN.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE STICKIT MINISTER," "THE RAIDERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE VOICE FROM THE SEA.

NOW so long as provisions last Ailsa is none such a bad sanctuary. And we might have passed the time there very well had we possessed minds sufficiently at ease for enjoying a hermitage. The spring was but a few yards above the castle, and it ran crystal clear into a little basin which I cut in the rock. We had enough to serve us with the provision we had bought in Girvan, and with what I shot of the puffins or Tammie Nories, which ran in and out of their holes all day like conies in a warren.

Sometimes we would climb to the top of the crag and look at the sea, which seemed like a great sheet hung upon Gantyre and Arran on the one side and the hills of Galloway and Carrick on the other—with Ailsa itself, on which we were sitting, in the deepest trough of it.

A few boats crept timidly about the shore, and a little ship sometimes passed, but otherwise we had for companions only the silly guillemots that couped their tails uppermost and dived under, and the fishing-gulls that dropped splash into the water, the solan or solemne geese making a bigger splash than any, even as on the cliffs of the island their keckling is the loudest.

One day the Dominie and I were sitting on the roof of all things (as the summit of Ailsa seemed to be), picking the grasses and knuckling little stones for idleness, and the idlesse which comes with summer weather, when it came in my head to rally Robert Muir because he had a cold hearth-stone and a half-empty bed.

"You, a burgess and learned man, with an official rent and yearly charge on the burgh, yet cannot get so much as a cotter's sonsy bib lass to keep you company, and sit, bleeking like Jenny and Jock, on the far side of the chimbley lug. Think shame of yourself, Dominie! Any questing lout that can persuade a tow-headed Mall of the byre to set up house with him deserves better of his country than you. Were all like you Maybole school might have none to attend it but dotards and grandmothers. And where were your craft then, Socrates?" I asked him. For he had been speaking of a wise man, a Greek of that name.

And at first he made a jest of the matter, as indeed I meant it.

"Never fear," he said; "there will always be enough fools in Ayrshire to get more. Maybole shall have its share."

And indeed that hath been the repute of our town and countryside since Ayr water first ran over its pebbles.

Yet when I pressed the Dominie upon the matter he waxed thoughtful. His face, which was not naturally merry, took on a yet sterner expression. Presently he put out his hand within his blouse and pulled out a little string of beads, such as Catholics wear to mind them of their prayers. It was suspended about his neck. This, I own, was a great marvel to me, for the Dominie was a strong Reformer, and showed little mercy in arguing with men yet inclined to the ancient opinion.

He gave the rosary into my hand, and I turned it curiously about. It was made of the stones of some foreign fruit, most curiously and fantastically carven, and joined together with little links of gold. Between two of the beads there was a longer portion of the chain, and upon it two rings of gold were strung.

"Once," said the Dominie, "there was a maid who had promised to share my hearth. One ring of these two was mine, to wear upon my finger, and one was hers. Upon the night before our marriage day we met at our place of tryst. I tried the ring upon her finger and wished her to wear it that night. 'To-morrow will serve—it is not so far away!' she said, and slipped from my arms. Under a new-risen moon she went homeward, singing by the heads of Bennane. And that was the last that these eyes ever beheld of bonny Mary Torrance—save only this necklace of beads and the stain of her blood upon the short grass of the sea-shore."

The Dominie looked long to seaward at the flashing birds that circled and clanged about our rocky isle, each tribe of them following their own orbit and sphere.

"And what had happened to her?" I began.

"Murder most foul," he cried, rising to his feet in his agitation, "horrible, unheard of in any kingdom. For all about the spot where these things were found was the trampling of many naked feet. And some of these were small and some were great. But all were naked, and the print of every foot was distinct upon the sand of the shore. Every footprint had the toes of the naked feet wide and distinct. Every toe was pointed with a claw, as though the steads were those of birds. And the fearsome beast-prints went down to the sea edge, and the blood-marks followed them. And that was all." Then the Dominie fell silent, and I also. For though Ayrshire was full of blood feuds and the quest of human life, this was a new kind of murder to me—though it seemed not rare in the neighborhood of Bennane. For I minded the words of the Mistress of Chapeldonnan.

"And had she no enemies, this Mary Torrance?" I asked.

"She was young, and of birth too lowly for feuds and fightings. Besides, who in Carrick would harm a maid going homeward from her love-tryst?"

The Dominie rose and walked away to the other side of the Rock of Ailsa, where for long he sat by himself and fingered the necklace of beads. His face was fixed, as if he were making of the rosary a catena of hate, of dark imaginings and vengeful vows. Scarcely could I see my quaint and friendly Dominie.

It was that night, as the midnight grew gray towards the morn, that I yielded my watch upon the roof of the little Castle of Ailsa to the Dominie. Too long I had paced the battlements listening to the confused and belated crying of the sea-birds upon the ledges, and the mysterious night sounds of the isle. For I began to hear and to see all manner of uncouth things that had no existence except on the border-land of sleep.

The Dominie said no word, but drew his cloak about him and sat down on the rampart. I bade him good-morning, but he never answered me a word. And so I left him, for I judged that his thought was bitter, and that the tale he had told me of Mary Torrance lay blackly upon him.

Yet, when I went below, it was not with me as on other mornings. I lay down upon the plaids and composed me to sleep. Yet I lay broad awake, which was an extraordinary thing for me, who have been all my life a great sleeper. I lay and thought of my friend sitting gloomy and silent above in the grayness of morn, till my meditations grew eery and comfortless. Often and often I started up on my elbow with the intention of going up to him. As often I lay down again, because I had no excuse, and (as it seemed to me) he had not desired my company.

But once, as I lifted me up on my elbow, I seemed to hear a shrill crying, as it had been out of the sea. "Launcelot—Launcelot Kennedy!" it cried, and the crying was most like a woman's voice. My very blood chilled within me, for the tale of the lass murdered upon the morn of her marriage day was in my mind. And I thought of naught less than that the uneasy spirit came to visit the man, aged and withered, who sat up there waiting and watching. Yet why it should cry my name passed my comprehension.

It was, therefore, small wonder that I listened long, lying there upon the floor. But the night wind soughed and sobbed through the narrow wicket window, and there was no further noise. Thinking that I had dreamed, I laid my head upon the hard pillow and composed me to sleep; but even then I heard as it had been the regular beat of a boat's oars upon the rullocks; and anon I heard my name cried twice and thrice—"Launcelot Kennedy! Launcelot Kennedy!" Whereat, with a thrill of horror, I rose, cast the wrappings from me, and, with my naked sword in my hand, I went up to the roof of the castle.

The Dominie was sitting with his face turned seaward. He heard me come behind him. Without turning he put out his hand.

"Did you hear it too?" he said. "Go below. That which shall come is not for your eyes to see!"

"But I heard a woman call my name!" I said. "I heard it twice and thrice, plain as I hear you speak!"

"Nay," he said, "not your name—mine!"

And once more we listened together. As for me, I strained my eyes into the darkness so that they ached and were ready to behold anything. I looked out directly towards the sea, from which the sounds had come; but the Dominie looked along the path which led precariously between the wall of the isle above and the precipice below.

Suddenly I heard him draw in his breath with a gasping sound, like that which a man gives when he finds himself unexpectedly in ice-cold water. The twilight of the morning had come a little, and as I looked over his shoulder, lo! there seemed to me to be a maid in white coming along the path. I felt my heart stop beating, and I, too, gazed rigidly. For it seemed to me to be Nell Kennedy coming towards us robed like an angel.

"She is dead!" I thought. "Mayhap the clawed things out of the sea have devoured her, even as they took Mary Torrance!"

But I heard the Dominie say, under his breath: "It is she! It is she!"

For in the moment of terror, when the soul is unmanned, every one hears with his own ears and sees with his own eyes.

But the figure came ever closer to us, stepping daintily and surely in the dim light. Again I heard the voice which had spoken to me, and at the sound my bones quaked within me.

"Launcelot—Launcelot Kennedy!" it said.

And for a long moment the figure stood still, as if waiting for an answer. But my voice was shut dumbly within me. The Dominie stood up.

"Art thou the spirit of Mary Torrance, or a deceiving fiend of hell that has taken her shape? Answer me or I fire!"

And the Dominie held out his pistol to the white-sheeted ghost, which even then appeared to me a mightily vain thing; for can a spirit fear these things which are only deadly to flesh and bone?

"I have come to see Launcelot Kennedy," said the voice, and it appeared awful and terrible to me beyond the power of words. I could not so much as fix my mind on a prayer, though I knew several well enough.

"I have come to seek Launce Kennedy. Is he within?" said the voice.

"What would you of him? He is no concern of yours," said the Dominie.

"I ken that," said the voice. "Nevertheless, I have come to seek him. I greet you well, Dominie Muir. Will you let Helen Kennedy within?"

And with that the light came clearer—the veil of the fantasies of the fearful night fell from my eyes. And, lo! there at the tower's foot was my dear quipsome lass, Nell Kennedy, in her own proper body, and I knew her for flesh and blood. Nor could I now tell how I had so deceived myself. But one thing I resolved—that I should not reveal my terror to her, for she would very certainly laugh at me.

But the Dominie was too fixed in his thought. I saw him grip his pistol and lean over the parapet. It seemed that he could not even believe the seeing of his eyes.

"Come not nearer," he cried, in a wild voice; "you are a fiend of the breed of the sea-demons, whatsoever you may pretend. I will try a bullet of holy silver upon you."

But I threw myself upon him and held his arm.

"It is but Nell Kennedy," I said. "What frights you, Dominie?"

For I resolved to make a virtue of my courage. And, indeed, as I came to myself first, and had done no open foolishness, I thought I might as well take the credit which was due to me. "See you not that it is Helen Kennedy of Culzean?" I repeated, reasoning with him.

"And what seeks she with you?" said he, still struggling in my grasp. "It is a prodigy, and bodes us no good," he persisted.

"That I cannot tell," said I. "I had thought her safe upon the moors with my mother. But I will go down and open the door to her."

So when I had run down the stairs of the small keep and set the bolt wide, lo, there upon the step was Nell Kennedy, her face dimpled with smiles, albeit somewhat pale also with the morning light and the strangeness of her adventure.

I held out my hand to her. Never had I been so moved with any meeting.

"Nell!" I said, and could say no more.

"Aye, Launce, Nell!" she said; and she came in without taking my hand; but for all that she was not abashed or shamefaced, but as direct and simple in her demeanor as she had been about Culzean in the old days before sorrow fell upon the house and upon us all.

"Take me up the stairs to the Dominie," she said, and I took her hand and kept it tightly as we went upwards. But I tried for no greater favors at that time, for I knew that her mood leaned not towards the desires of a lover.

"Ah, Dominie," said Nell when she reached the top, "this is a strange place to keep school in. Yet I warrant that geese are not more numerous here than they were in Maybole!"

But the Dominie could only gaze at her thus daffing with him, so fixed had he been in his fantasy. Then we waited for Nell to reveal her errand and to relate her adventure.

"You must instantly leave Ailsa and come with me," she said. "My sister Marjorie is lost from Auchendrayne, and we three must find her. I fear that the Muirs have done her a mischief, fearing the things that she might reveal."

"How knew you of that, Nellie?" I asked; for, indeed, it was a thing I had no guess at myself.

"It was one morning at Kirreoch," said Nell, "as we were bringing in the kye out of the green pastures by the water-side, that a messenger rode up with a letter from Marjorie. She asked me to meet her at Culzean, and to bring you and any other faithful men whom I could trust with me. And thus the letter ended: '*For gin I once win clear out of Auchendrayne, we have them all in the hollow of our hand. I have found him that carried the letter.*'"

"She means the letter that took your father to the tryst of death."

The Dominie seemed to awake at the words.

"That will be young William Dalrymple she has fallen on with," he said.

I rose, and hastened down to put our belongings together, which were scattered about the castle. Meanwhile Nell went on.

"Then because I knew not where you were," she said, "I was in distress. But your father donned his war graith and rode with me to the house of Culzean, where he yet abides. But, as for me, I could noways rest. So I set myself to trace you. And here I have found you. Pray God we may find our Marjorie as safely!"

"But how did you manage to trace us?" I asked; for the Dominie and I thought that we had well hidden our tracks.

"Oh, I got the kindly side of the goodwife of Chapeldonnan," said Nell, lightly. And when I heard that, I did not wonder any more, for she could get the kindly side of any one if so she chose. Nell Kennedy, in spite of her taunting and teasing, had ever a coaxing, taunting way with her which was vastly taking.

Then we fell to making our plans. It would not do for us to be seen leaving the Craig by day, for our position was plainly in view to keen eyes along all the Girvan shore and at Chapeldonnan or Girvanmaine; and worse enemies than these might put out a dozen boats to intercept us, or simply lie wait to take us as we landed. For all this day and part of the night there befell a storm which lashed the waves to white foam all about our abode.

With more than a woman's ordinary forethought in adventure, Nell had left her boat in a cove to the right of the landing-place; and indeed I, that somewhat prided myself upon my wisdom, had not taken as great precautions myself, which, among other things, was the cause of our present position on the Craig. So we three spent all the day in cheerful talk, thinking that so soon as we could find Marjorie we should come to the end of our perplexities, and have the guilty one in our power; but we spoke without knowledge of the manifold shifts and stratagems of our archenemy.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHILE we thus waited and planned Nell told us how that she had abode at Culzean till there seemed no more hope of Marjorie's coming. Then came a lass of the Cochranes who had been Marjorie's tiring-maid at Auchendrayne. From her Nell learned how, after a fierce and bitter scene with the elder Muir, Marjorie had fled from Auchendrayne, none knew whither, escaping all their toils and deceiving their inner and outer guard, under silence of night. Then, as soon as she had heard this, fearing all evil to her sister, Nell set out to find me, believing that, in the absence of any hope of help from her brothers, I might aid her to find her sister and clear some of the mysteries.

It was the dusk of an evening, dulce and debonair, when we left the castle, which had been for four days our home, and descended the perilous steeps to the foot of Ailsa. Here we found Nell's boat, safe in its cove, and immediately we pushed out, having received therein all our weapons and belongings. Nell sat in the stern, and the Dominie and I took the oars. The storm of the night and morning had abated, and there was no more than an oily swell upon the waves.

There was little talk between us as we went, for we felt that our lives were in our hands, and that we might be only running into peril. I think the Dominie was thinking of the love he had lost by black, unnatural murder on that dangerous shore to which we were making our way. We kept well to the south of Girvan, because I had twice gone there on errands which did not make us favorites with the Bargany Kennedys and their supporters, of whom the townsfolk were mostly composed. Besides, I remembered the word of the rascal whom I had held at my mercy in the house of Mistress Alison, the Grieve's wife at Culzean: "The treasure of Kellwood is in the cave of Sawny Bean, on the shore of Bennanbrack, over against Benerard." And this, though not a clear direction, pointed to some point south of Girvan and north of Ballantrae.

And though the discovery of my master's death was, I trust, first in my mind, I need not deny that I was also mindful of the treasure for which so much had been adventured first and last.

It was a high tide and a calm sea when we got over into the loom of the cliffs. We had a making wind and the tide was with us, so that we had been able to set the sail part of the way; for a little mast which would carry a lug-sail lay snugly under the thwarts of the boat.

The Dominie, who in his rambling youth had followed

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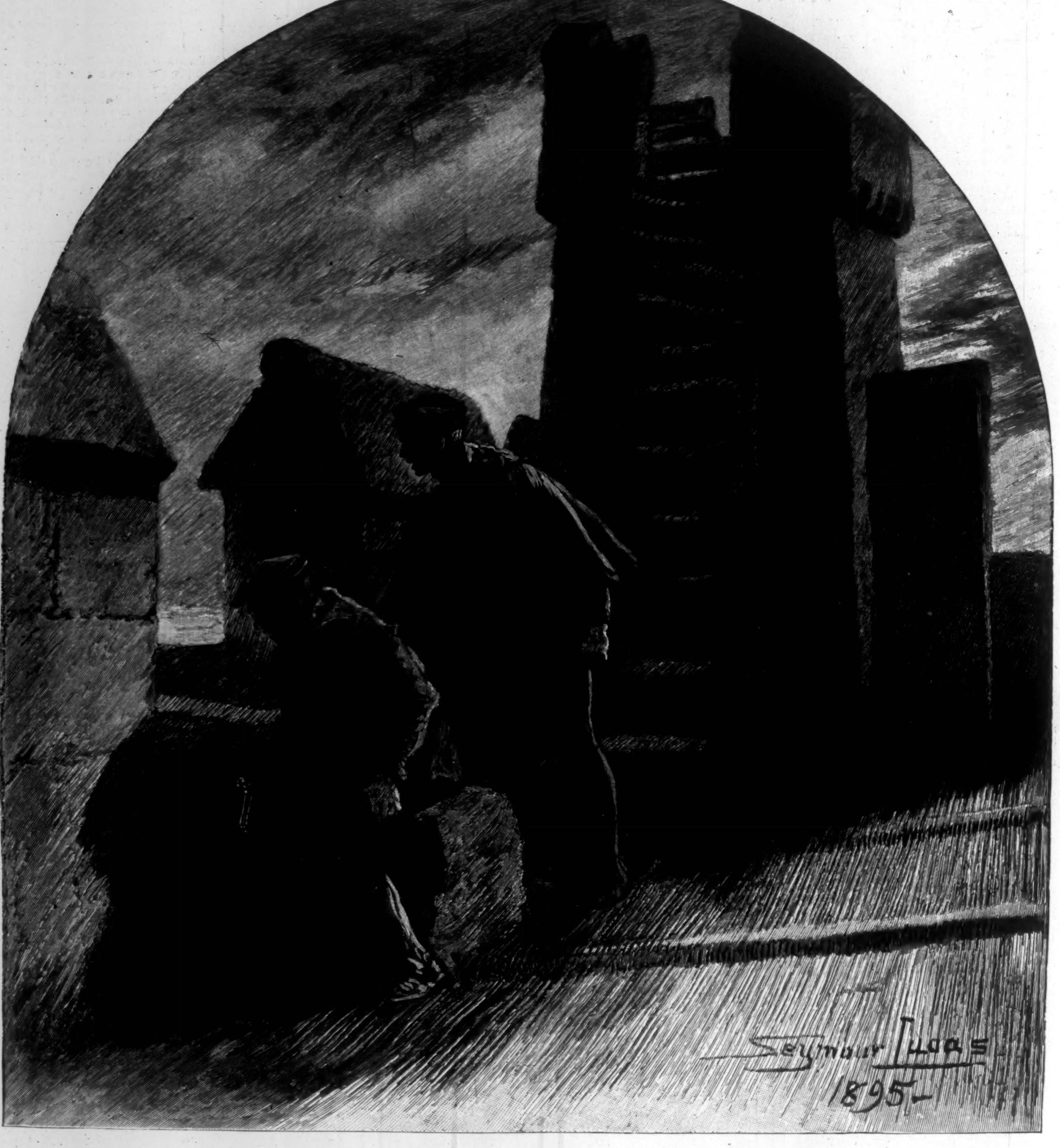
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2037.



"AS I LOOKED OVER HIS SHOULDER, LO! THERE SEEMED TO ME TO BE A MAID IN WHITE COMING ALONG THE PATH."

the sea, both steered and managed the sheet as we drew nearer the shore, while I lay over the bow and kept lookout ahead. We steered for a light which went wavering along the top of the rocks, for we opined that it must be some shepherd wandering with a lantern to look for a lost sheep, for it dipped now into clefts, now it mounted to the summit of the crags, and anon it was lost again behind the screes and cliffs of the coast.

Suddenly from high above us we heard sounds of pain and despair—a woman's cry in her extremity, not weeping or beseeching, but crying only, being, as it seemed, utterly in distress.

"'Tis our Marjorie! I ken her voice!" cried Nell, and we all strained our eyes upward to the dark heuchs. The lantern had come to a standstill almost directly above us.

The Dominie silently took down the mast and let it rest in the bottom of the boat. Our speed slackened till we floated without motion on the gently heaving water. I continued to peer into the gloom.

"Marjorie! Sister Marjorie!" cried Nell, as loudly as she could, and almost as she spoke I saw something white descending towards us from the cliff, like a poised bird that closes its pinions and falls into the water. The white smitten waters sprang up not twenty feet from our bows.

I stood erect on the bow, scarce knowing what might hap, yet to be ready for anything, balancing both feet for a spring, and as soon as I had a glimpse of something white which rose from the black water, I sprang towards it ere it had time to sink again; for Nell was in the boat, and it was my opportunity to let her see that Launce Kennedy did not do all his deeds standing thread-dry on the solid land. I declare, so much was I affected and worked upon by her crying to her sister, that had it been Sawny Bean himself I had grappled with him there in the water.

But it was a braver weight and shape that I held in my arm—even the slim form of a woman. I felt a thrill run through me when I found that her arms had been tied closely behind her back both at wrist and elbow. I gripped the cords which confined her elbows, and struck out for the boat, which I saw dart like a rock above me.

It was no more than a minute that I supported the girl in the water, but to me it seemed to be a year. For I was hill born, and had learned the swimming since I came in my youth to Culzean. And this never makes a strong or a long swimmer like the shore-bred boy that has been half in and half out of the tide all day long every summer season since he could walk.

But the Dominie speedily brought the boat about, for indeed there was little way on her, at any rate. In a moment more his strong hands and long arms were lifting Marjorie Kennedy into the boat, and laying her, all wet as she was, in the arms of her sister Nell.

Then he gave me a hand over the bow, and we cowered close in the boat, letting her drift inward with the tide till we were close under the land and in the very darkest of the shadow. We knew well that they who had tied Marjorie's hands would be on the lookout for her rescuers. So on the water we lay and waited.

Nor had we long to wait. For in no long time voices echoed here and there among the rocks, and the light, with others which we had seen, appeared far down near the edge of the sea. At the same time, from the other side, came the noise of oars roughly thrown into a boat and the clambering of men over the side. We were, indeed, in sore jeopardy, for the wind had died to nothing under the land, and the gray sea lay outside the shadow of the cliffs with quite enough light upon it to trace us by if we rowed out in that direction.

And all the while Marjorie lay silent in her sister's arms. I had cut the cords and chafed her hands, but still she did not speak. However, Nell found that a ball of worsted yarn, rolled hard, had been thrust into her mouth for a gag by those whose intent manifestly was to be her sister's murderers.

The pursuers closed upon us from both sides, and ere we could think of a plan we saw the boats pushing out with torches held in their prows by the hands of dark and stalwart men. And we looked to our pistols and swords, resolving, if it came to the sharp pinch, to make a good fight for it. When the two boats came together they could not choose but find us.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMATEVR · SPORT

Although the golf season virtually began with the three days' spring tournament of the Lakewood Club, yet the midwinter meeting at Baltusrol on Washington's birthday calls for a word or two of comment. The entry list was a remarkably large and representative one, no fewer than forty-five men, from eight different clubs, drawing in for places. On the other hand, the golf, with the exception of McCawley's brilliant performance, was of rather indifferent quality. It is true that the high scores were largely due to the spongy condition of the putting greens, but even that is hardly enough to account for the curious fact that four of the scratch-players—Livermore, Armstrong, Dr. Rainsford, and Tyng—tied at 120 strokes for the 18 holes. Tyng's second round was an especially disastrous one, his card showing 69 for the nine holes, including three sets of double figures.

McCawley's work was consistently good in view of the fact that he was a stranger to the course and a novice in inter-club tournament play. Luck, of course, counted for something, but good "lies" will not of themselves win matches. His gross score of 96 was good enough to take the gold medal for the best card returned, while his handicap of ten gave him a lead of seven strokes over H. P. Toler for the possession of the silver cup. The next public appearance of the Philadelphia man will be looked for with interest.

Philadelphia, as a matter of fact, is taking up golf with such enthusiasm that it bids fair to shortly rival Boston in number of links in its immediate vicinity. The Country Club has been improving its course under the direction of Willie Dunn, and the work will make a great difference in the sport-giving qualities of the course.

As for the number of devotees, they are here, as elsewhere, wellnigh legion, and here again, as about New York and Boston, the most enthusiastic are those that have been prominent at one time or another in various branches of college athletics. The illusion of golf being only an old man's game is being rapidly dispelled. Nature has been particularly kind to Philadelphians in providing no end of suburban territory admirably adapted for the ancient and royal game, and cricket is furnishing a large number of the converts.

THE NEW YORK NAVAL RESERVE CREW IN ITS "RACING-SHELL."

There were no particular surprises in the Lakewood tournament, it being evident from the results of the first round that dark horses were absent from the field. Some of the best play of the tournament was shown in the first round, notably in the Leeds-Elliott and Tyng-Kimball matches. The putting greens were beautifully true and smooth; and both Leeds and Elliott did some notable work in holing out on the last two greens. At the Palmetto Club, where Leeds has been playing during the winter, the putting greens are of dirt, and as hard and level as a billiard table. Under such favorable conditions holing out from a distance of forty or fifty feet is not uncommon, but it was something of a surprise to see Leeds repeat the performance at Lakewood by his sensational put of forty feet for the nineteenth hole. It is a commentary upon the uncertain nature of golf that the man who was popularly counted on to win the cup barely escaped being shut out in his first round. Elliott has certainly improved his game, but he is not within a "third" of Leeds when the latter is at his best. Mr. Leeds's best this year is considerably beyond what it was last season. In the medal-play handicap Saturday afternoon Elliott's score was 102 (gross) to Leeds's 85 (net).

The Brookline player had an easy time of it with Walthew in the second round, but his match on Friday with Tyng was by no means a walk-over. Indeed, Tyng practically made his opponent a gift of the eighteenth hole by his poor judgment, or miscalculation, or whatever it was, in holing out. Tyng had a straight run in for the hole and a sure tie, but he seems to have had some indefinite notion of making things absolutely safe by a carom off his adversary's ball. Now golf is the last thing in the world to which a string can be attached, and the natural result was that the stroke pocketed Leeds's ball, and gave him the match by two up. Leeds, however, was not up to form, and his driving was weak. With Tyng, style is of no account, for he does not pretend to have any, and his game depends entirely on whether or not his eye is on the ball. People who do not believe in tradition point with pride to Tyng as a shining example of what pure devotion to hitting the ball may accomplish; but this is dangerous ground, and most of us are content to hark back to facts and the official scores.

W. H. Sands, who met Leeds in the finals, drew a bye in the first round, and had easy pairs for the second and third. The final match between him and Leeds was closer than the score (six up and five to play) would seem to indicate. Leeds had fully regained his form, and did some wonderful scoring, having a total of 38 strokes for the first nine holes. Sands did not succeed in winning a single hole, although he divided the honors on seven of the greens, and played strongly and steadily to the end. It was excellent golf in every way, and a pleasure to watch. In the handicap that followed Leeds placed another feather in his cap by tying with Tyng for first place at 85, although the Morris County man had his revenge in winning the extra hole. Altogether the meeting was a very successful one, Stockley showing up the best of the new men.

HOLLISTER, FOR HARVARD, WINNING LAST QUARTER OF RELAY.

The Brookline Country Club opened its season with a very successful handicap tournament, which was won by G. E. Cabot, who made the two rounds in 96, but whose handicap of 25 gave him a net score of 71. J. B. Fenno (27) and J. F. Coolidge, Jun. (30) tied for second honors at 71. Herbert Leeds was allowed 8 strokes, returning a card with the net score of 87, but made the rounds actually in 95—one better than the winner of the tournament. Altogether some forty men competed.

From all sides come reports of the opening of new courses and the establishment of new clubs. Indeed, so rapid and widespread is the interest in golf that only to keep track of the new clubs and players would keep one man busy. At the beginning of the season the number of courses in the country, big and little, was estimated as close to two hundred, and it looks as though the figures would be doubled before autumn. The athletic and field clubs are taking up the game with tremendous enthusiasm, and there are dozens of private courses being laid out on the large country places. Two or three weeks ago, in speaking of my Southern trip, I remarked upon the curious fact that Aiken (the types made me call it *Aitken*) possessed the only golf course in the South. A correspondent informs me that at Thomasville, Georgia, there are two—one a private course on the Mayhaw Plantation, and the other belonging to the Thomasville Country Club.

The principal difficulty in Southern golfing is, of course, the absence of anything like true turf. There is no grass worth mentioning on the Palmetto Club course at Aiken, but the tees are nevertheless very good, and the putting greens of hard rolled dirt have reduced the process of holing out to an exact science. At Thomasville the experiment has been made of sowing the putting greens with various kinds of grains, rye giving so far the best results. When closely trimmed it presents a good playing surface, but it remains to be seen whether under the frequent cuttings it will not run out very rapidly, and require a great deal of attention to keep it in order. At all events it is pleasing to note the spirit that will have its golf even in the face of such difficulties.

Of the clubs around Boston, from which we shall hear much the present season in the way of tournaments and new players, are the Brookline, the Essex County Country Club at Manchester-by-the-Sea, the Myopia Hunt Club, at Hamilton, the Newton, Lexington, and Wollaston golf clubs. The last three are the more recently established of the larger clubs, and all have nine-hole courses, upon which much work has been done for this season's play. Myopia's links, at first somewhat unpopular with the hunting set, has attained great favor. Its course of nine holes lies over a very attractive country and is thoroughly sport-giving.

In New Jersey the two most important of recent golfing organizations are the Englewood and the Madison clubs, the first a nine-hole course, the latter six, and both adding members every day. New Jersey furnishes an excellent quality of turf and many natural hazards, and these two clubs have their share of both.

The most pretentious and newest home for the game in the vicinity of New York is the Ardsley Casino, on the Hudson between Dobbs Ferry and Irvington. It was incorporated last year to provide the residents of this particular section with a country club complete in its every department. There are some 500 acres and a very handsome and thoroughly equipped club-house. The golf course, nearing completion, is to be 18 holes, and promises to provide excellent sport. Meanwhile a temporary course is used. Aside from this, it is proposed to have polo and tennis grounds, and the casino seems likely to take a place among the institutions of this kind that have done so much to cultivate the love for fresh air and a wholesome sporting spirit.

It is in the West, however, that golf has made its most notable advance. Notable because so isolated, and its introduction dependent upon a very few enthusiasts. Once introduced, its recognition has been instant.

Naturally we should expect Chicago, that has given us our national amateur champion, Charles B. Macdonald, to lead in Western golfing development. And Chicago fulfils our expectations. There are now three clubs within an hour's ride of that city—the Illinois Golf Club, at Belmont, 20 miles southwest; the Chicago Golf Club, at Wheaton, 23 miles west; and the Onwentsia Country Club, at Lake Forest, 30 miles north. All of them have handsome quarters, and the Chicago club bears the further distinction of being the first in the United States to have had a full 18-hole course. The Country Club also has a course of 18 holes, but the Illinois has only nine, though they call for very good golf. Besides these, the Washington Park Club, which is in the city, is putting in a nine-hole course, and I heard some talk while at Chicago of a links being laid out at Evanston, the site of Northwestern University, and one of the most attractive of Chicago's suburbs.

It is plain to see that Chicago is a worthy home for so skilled an exponent of the game as Mr. Macdonald.

Nor is this the end of the middle West's interest in golf. At Geneva Lake, Wisconsin, quite a resort for Chicagoans, and at Milwaukee, there are golf clubs and excellent links. Farther north Minneapolis has a course that is said to be one of the best in the country, though I take my opinion at second hand, never having done more than look it over. Farther south and a bit to the west is the most recent Western convert to golf—the St. Louis (Missouri) Country Club, where a course has just been laid out.

So they multiply, almost beyond one's ken. And yet there are those who write me asking if, after my tour around the United States, I believe the sporting spirit is increasing!

Going still farther West, we come to Colorado, where there are two clubs—one at Colorado Springs and one at Denver. The first, in fact, was the second club to be organized in America, which may be explained by adding that the percentage of English residents in that beautiful little town under the shadow of Pikes Peak is large, and given to sport of almost every kind, including polo. The Cheyenne Mountain Club, or the Country Club as it is more generally known, fathers the Colorado Springs Golf Club, and has a charming home near Cheyenne Cañon, one of the most picturesque bits of Colorado's wondrously beautiful scenery.

It will probably be a matter of some surprise to the East to learn that far-away and busy Tacoma (Washington) has found time to develop an enlightened enthusiasm for golf, and to perfect a links which for variety of hazard, distance, and scenic surroundings has few superiors in America. There is a well-appointed club-house, and about every urchin in Tacoma is a caddie. The course has 18 holes and is 5635 yards in length, the club record

INTER-COLLEGIATE ONE-MILE RELAY RACE—HARVARD LEADING AT THE SECOND RELAY.

being 94. The membership includes 55 men and 28 women, and of these a good proportion golf practically all the year round, with the magnificent white dome of Mount Rainier rising out of the southwest to lighten the dark forests of Washington fir that otherwise fill the horizon.

There is no dearth of scenic effects to the Western golf clubs. The San Francisco Golf Club has its course at the Presidio, the military reservation, and while there are no mountains towering above the links, there is the Golden Gate, whose beauties may serve to soothe the luckless duffer who has "foozled" his drive. What is more to the point, there is an excellent course, with a brush, that tries the golfer's soul about as much as the whin of Scotland.

From this showing of clubs, let it be remembered by Eastern golfers that all enthusiasm is not confined to the Atlantic coast.

The Executive Committee of the Golf Association has decided upon the Shinnecock Hills Club as the course and (about) July 15th as the date for the amateur and open championships. Besides that, the committee very wisely adopted a new plan of play which is a great improvement on the system of medal play still followed in England and Scotland. The committee's new rules are as follows:

> Section 13. In the amateur competition the contestants shall first play 36 holes "Medal play"; the best sixteen scores shall then be taken, and the contestants making these scores shall then play 18 holes "match play" until but two competitors remain, who, upon a separate day, shall play the final game consisting of 36 holes match play.
>
> Section 14. The draw shall take place three days before the competition, and the contestants shall be drawn by lot. In case of an uneven number of entries the Executive Committee shall appoint a player to play with the contestant drawing the bye.
>
> Section 15. In the event of a tie or ties for the sixteenth place in the medal play round the contestants so tied shall continue to play until one or the other shall have gained a lead by strokes. The hole or holes to be played out. In the event of a tie in any match-play round contestants shall continue to play until one or the other shall have won a hole, when the match shall be considered won.
>
> Section 17. In the women's competition the contestants shall first play 18 holes medal play. The best eight scores shall then be taken, and the contestants making these scores shall then play 18 holes match play until but two competitors remain, who, upon a separate day, shall play the final game, consisting of 18 holes match play. (These are two separate sections condensed by me to save time. The draw in the women's championship and the manner of playing off ties shall be conducted in the same way as in the amateur competition.)
>
> Official Handicapper.—Section 28. The Executive Committee may appoint an official handicapper, who may, at the option of the green committees of the various clubs, handicap all open amateur handicaps given by clubs which are members of this Association. The charge for handicapping shall be ten dollars ($10) for each event handicapped, which shall be paid by the club giving the competition.

No change was made in the manner of playing the open championships, which, as hitherto, will be 36 holes medal play.

The women's championships will be held on the Morris County Golf Club course in the first part of October. They will be decided on the same general basis as the men's, except that the first round will be 18 holes instead of 36, the final round 18 holes, and in case of a tie in the first round, such tie will be decided over 9 holes.

This compromise stroke and hole game adopted for the amateur championship would seem to be a very happy solution of the problem and the fairest possible test of the relative merits of the contestants. Under the proposed conditions luck in drawing byes should be reduced to a minimum, and the final match see the two best men pitted against each other. It is indeed fortunate for the interests of golf that there is a responsible and recognized central body already in authority, and I am glad to see that the question of amateur status has received early attention.

> "An amateur golfer shall be a golfer who has never personally made for sale golf clubs, balls, or any other article connected with the game, etc."

This is all well enough so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. How about the "amateurs" who make matches among themselves or with professional players for a money stake?

The choice of Shinnecock over Newport for the championship is a worthy one, for certainly it is the best of the 18-hole courses. Moreover, it certainly has an advantage over the inland courses in that it is genuinely a links with breezes that have a similar salty tang as those that blow over the east coast of Fife. Shinnecock calls for good golf, and twice around the holes will be pretty sure to leave the best man at the top

Most of Newport's 9 holes give very fair sport, and the course as a whole calls for good sound golf. But for an all-round test of golfing ability, as certainly is the desideratum in the championship, the full number of holes should be negotiated. Newport is a fitting site for whatever seeks to find favor with the "gallery," but hazards and putting greens and a regulation course are needful for deciding the golf championship, and these Newport has not to a sufficient extent. Moreover, there could never be a fair basis of comparison between American and English and Scottish records until the meetings were held under conditions at least approximately the same. Therefore the committee was right in abandoning the otherwise alluring Newport.

By next year the new 18-hole course of St. Andrews will be completed to furnish another championship links.

The choice of Morris County for the women's championship is equally fitting. While the outlying holes are of excellent sporting character, the first two and last four are quite too short and easy to ever consider the links as a possible site for the men's championship. On the other hand, these short holes make the course a desirable one for the women's championship—probably the most desirable in this vicinity.

The quadrangular boat-race will be rowed upon the Hudson if it is rowed at all. This does not mean that the present deadlock has been broken, or that there is a chance of its ending in no race. But it means that no other course can be chosen and the original agreement entered into by Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, and Pennsylvania be fulfilled. It means, too, that Cornell's real and official sentiments have not been correctly represented, and that Harvard will not, when it comes to the point, permit her representative to renounce any contract to which she stands committed. Moreover, the man who is largely responsible for the friction has been retired from all official connection with collegiate rowing, and I expect to see the matter of choosing a course speedily settled, especially as Isay, Cornell's representative, has indeed been in sympathy with Columbia from the first, although his attitude was believed to be to the contrary.

This mistaking of Cornell's position has come about through the emphatic and public declaration, by some of her most prominent *alumni* and her coach, for Saratoga. Mr. White writes me that the Cornell "official management has favored Poughkeepsie, without at the same time a wish to disregard any reasonable considerations (not financial) which might be urged for other places"; and he believes, and rightly, that "we ought to proceed with deliberation and listen to the various arguments."

From almost every point of view Poughkeepsie seems the more desirable course of the two, and I believe every unprejudiced college man who is competent to pass an opinion on the subject will agree with me.

In justice to Saratoga town itself we are pleased to say that one of its very objectionable features as a site for any college gathering seems to have been removed. The President of the city writes that in July last every "gambling-den" was closed, and will remain closed, "at least so long as the writer holds his present official position." We congratulate President Sturges; from our knowledge of the city his office could have been no sinecure.

We have not the space to recite again in detail the reasons why Poughkeepsie should be chosen over Saratoga for this college boat-race; they have already been fully given in past issues. But college men and sportsmen generally endorse the Hudson, and there is little doubt of it being ultimately chosen.

The Pennsylvania-Cornell dual track athletic games at Ithaca next Saturday will afford the first opportunity of learning how strong the former will show up against Harvard a week later. Cornell is comparatively new to track athletics, and has hardly had time to develop a very formidable team; but these dual contests will work greatly to their benefit. With Buchholz, Jarvis, Sichel, Orton, Leslie, Knipe, Windsor, Sterrett, and Hoffman, Pennsylvania seems to leave few chances for Cornell's getting enough points to make the contest very close. But Cornell is doing good work, and should be consoled with the fact that athletic strength requires time for development.

The Amateur Athletic Union legislative body seems to have been worrying very much of late over the question of college baseball nines playing professional nines. Like the historical king who marched up a hill and then marched down again, the A. A. U. seems to make legislative flights only to tumble from very dizziness.

The A. A. U. some time ago passed a rule against amateur nines—including those of the colleges—playing professional teams. At the same time it declared against amateur nines playing paid men. The last rule was excellent and much needed, but the first displayed great ignorance on the college baseball situation. College nines play the professional teams for the excellent practice it affords in the early season. Under the circumstances there seems no harm in it. The case is different with athletic-club nines, which should not be permitted to engage with professionals—for various reasons, but chiefly on account of the complications that might arise over the gate and the impositions that might be practised.

Meanwhile, of course, the college nines have pursued their usual habit of early practice with the professional teams, much to the consternation of the A. A. U., which finds itself thrust into most intricate calculation to determine just who is disqualified and who is not. In this state of mind there is danger the A. A. U. may, in its haste to fashion its rule to fit the colleges which have no need of its care, mould it on such broad lines as to be prejudicial to the club nines that do require its supervision.

The A. A. U. has no license to rule for college baseball. It has enough to care for in its own bailiwick. The ruling against paid players—professionals like Westervelt, on the Orange Athletic Club nine, for instance—is a good one, and should stand and be enforced. So also that prohibiting club nines to play professional teams. We need them both.

No branch of track athletics is more interesting than relay racing, and the meeting held by the University of Pennsylvania April 25th went a long way towards popularizing it. There is no reason why an inter-collegiate relay race should not be an annual fixture. Pennsylvania added interscholastic as well as inter-collegiate events, and, safe to say, not so many representatives of different colleges had before been got together, except at the Intercollegiate Championships. The five-mile relay race between Yale and Pennsylvania went to the latter in 24.5¼, and was won practically by Orton, who on the last relay had about seventy-five yards to make up that had been lost on the one previous.

The mile championship relay between Harvard, Yale, Georgetown, and Pennsylvania was the most interesting event of the day, and was won handsomely by Harvard, in whose team were Brewer, the world's record holder of the 220-yards hurdles, and Hollister, who recently did 1.57⅗ for the half-mile.

Quite the most pleasing feature of the day, however, was the meeting of all these athletes after the games. Pennsylvania threw open its handsome university club-house, Houston Hall, and there, one and all, the men were dined, and subsequently entertained with a football talk by Walter Camp. It was an ideal conclusion to a day of college sport, and the sort of thing that should be copied by all colleges. When our nines and elevens meet occasionally socially, and entertain one another as gentlemen are accustomed to do, instead of as rival bands of gladiators seeking naught but gore, there will come an end to disputes and unpleasant disruptions.

Another pleasing feature of the present season is the awakening interest in lacrosse. I have never been able to understand why this game should have so hard a struggle for recognition. As pure good sport and an all-round developer of the body it has no superior, not even in football. Besides, it is an entrancing game to watch. From every point of view it is attractive. And yet its life of late years has been most uncertain. Last year it went out altogether, but this spring there is a veritable lacrosse *renaissance*. Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, Stevens Institute, Johns Hopkins, Lehigh, New York College, Crescent Athletic Club, Maryland A. C., all have teams, and a schedule for inter-club play is to be arranged. Stevens has twice beaten the C. C. N. Y. team, and will play Harvard on the 15th. Harvard will meet Princeton May 9th, Crescent A. C. on the 16th, and Cornell on the 23d. There is more hope this year of the game attaining a permanent position in collegiate athletics than in any previous season.

The most notable performer for the past week in Eastern college baseball has been unquestionably Brown. That nine has made such a record as is not to be duplicated in any one week of its past athletic history, I will warrant—defeating Yale, 9–6, Pennsylvania, 15–7, and Dartmouth, 6–0, after the last had beaten Harvard, 13–4. In all its work the Brown nine has given evidence of its greater experience, and played a hard, fast game. There is no doubt it is the strongest college nine hereabouts to-day. Later in the season its present advantage of experience will not be so patent. At all events, the games it plays hereafter with Harvard and Yale and Pennsylvania will be of the utmost interest, and it is somewhat regrettable that Princeton is not on the schedule.

The Brown nine with its change men numbers fifteen. Dunne, '98, and Lang, '96, catchers—the former a graduate of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, on which team he also caught. This is his second year behind the bat at Brown. Lang graduated from Andover, and has caught at Brown four years. In the box are Summersgill, '98, Brady, '97, Mellor, '99. Summersgill was the star pitcher of Vermont Academy, and has pitched two years for Brown. His work against Yale was magnificent. Brady was a graduate of New Bedford High-School. This is his third year at Brown. For first base, Rodman, '98, and Casey, '99—the former from University Grammar School; latter captained Exeter last year. For short, Phillips, '99, Steere, '96—first from Fishburn Military Academy; latter has played substitute on Brown for three years. Lander, '96, played short and behind the bat last year for Brown.

Gammons, at left, captained his Freshman team. Sedgwick, '99, centre, comes from Andover, where he pitched. Robinson, '96, at right, is in his third year on the Brown nine. Fultz, '98, captain and second base, is from Staunton Military Academy, Virginia, which nine he captained. Last year he filled centre and short for Brown. Lander, Summersgill, Sedgwick, Robinson, and Brady have done especially good work thus far.

Princeton has done good work too, the game to reflect most credit on the nine being that won from Orange, 17–5. The score counts for nothing, since Orange made errors without number, and only two of Princeton's runs were earned. But the stick-work against so clever a pitcher as the professional Westervelt was very good. For the rest, the loose work of Orange again proved the illusion that a nine of stars with no especial loyalty can be depended on. Six of the nine Orange men are old college players of last year. Orange seems to be gathering baseball as it did football players. Here is opportunity for the Amateur Athletic Union to give evidence of its usefulness to amateur sport.

Princeton's team consists of Smith and Titus, catchers; Easton, Wilson, Jayne, and Altman, pitchers; Kelley, first base; Sankey or Wheeler, second; Gunster, third; Ward, short stop; and for the out-field there are Captain Bradley, and the change pitchers, Altman, Easton, and Wilson. The nine's strength is its batting; the fielding is not nearly so good, and the team-work leaves much to be desired. Princeton will play Harvard Saturday, and no work the latter has yet done is good enough to keep Princeton from batting out a victory.

Harvard's games with Dartmouth, both of which she lost, 4–13 and 6–7, showed weakness in the in-field and box. Cozzens has not come up to expectations, and Paine is now being played hard and often, in the hope of gaining experience; he is not very heady, however. He did some good work in the second Dartmouth game. Houghton is a promising pitcher, but he is needed in the out-field.

First-base Stevenson is improving, and deserves credit; third-base Stevenson covers but little ground, and that little with no certainty. Captain Dean is strong at the bat, and runs well, but does not cover as much ground as a good second-base man should. Rand is doing well in the out-field, but poorly at bat. Houghton bats well, but is apt in the field to misjudge, though he is a natural fielder, and will work into shape. Burgess shows well at bat, and not so well in the field. Scannell's work behind the bat is not up to his form. He seems to feel too certain—as he is, of course—of the place.

Yale made errors at a critical moment in the Brown game, in the fifth inning, with the score 5–2 in her favor, and thereby let in five men. That was rather an unusual thing for Yale, especially on home grounds, and it is not likely to be repeated. The men seemed in the week's play to have got out of touch, moreover, Colgate, Hazen, and Desaulles showed inexperience of such hard, close play. Greenway did some splendid work in the box. The batting is growing more certain, and the fielding, despite errors and defeats, is the best of any one of the college nines, Brown excepted. Hazen and Jerrems will leave small room for criticism later on.

The renouncement of Sickles by Northwestern University is the most gratifying evidence of the spirit that is growing Westward for wholesome sport. It illustrates, too, what one resolute man can do when he represents the power of the faculty. I congratulate Northwestern upon its escape from athletic impurity; and I congratulate Professor J. Scott Clark upon being the deliverer. This is indeed a hopeful sign for Western collegiate athletics.

Caspar Whitney.

"PRACTICAL LAWN-TENNIS."—By James Dwight, M.D.—Illustrated.—16mo, Cloth, Price $1 25.—Published by Harper & Brothers.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE new Delmonico's promises to be a striking feature of the Fifth Avenue. It is to stand on the northeast corner of Forty-fourth Street, and its equipment promises to include every adjunct that the contemporary New-Yorker of fashion has been taught to find indispensable to the consumption of food and drink, and the experience of saltatory exercises. The building, planned by James Brown Lord, will include a good many things the present building cannot boast, as a grand staircase, a palm garden under a glass dome, a roof garden (perhaps), and bedrooms for bachelors on the fourth floor. This last provision suggests that one adjunct of the restaurant in prospect is to be a hotel, amply sufficient to satisfy the claims of the Raines law even when administered by such sceptics as Mr. Roosevelt, who has expressed public doubts whether a hard-boiled egg and five beers constitute a square meal.

Across Fifth Avenue from the new Delmonico's will be the new Sherry's, an establishment the glories of which, ordered to be devised "regardless of expense," are still inchoate and seething in the imaginations of Messrs. McKim, Mead, and White. The region about Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue promises to be the next great social and gastronomic centre of the city, and its upbuilding will be watched with considerable emotion by old-fogy New-Yorkers whose hearts are still true to Madison Square.

It seems hard to convince the Rev. Mr. Lee, of Newark, who was so shocked at a case of clerical plagiarism in this city, that he himself, when a student of Yale, borrowed a verse from another man's poem to adorn an ode of his own. He says it would have been absurd of him to have borrowed a verse for an ode which was intended to be sung in public in the presence of the man from whom the verse was borrowed. It does seem absurd, to be sure, but the very absurdity of it may be set down as one of the curiosities of plagiarism. It was hardly more astonishing than that a clergyman, after preaching a borrowed sermon, should have allowed it to be published in the newspapers as his own. Dr. Lee may not have consciously borrowed the other man's verse, but his defence that he could not have done a thing so absurd is not good. Plagiarism is always absurd, and the more glaring and obvious it is, the greater the chance that it was done without dishonest intent.

On Tuesday and Wednesday of this week New London celebrated the 250th anniversary of its existence as an organized settlement. Several things had to be done before the region at the mouth of the American Thames could start fairly out on its career as the abode of civilization. It had first to be formally noted by white men as an advantageous locality. That was done by Adrian Block, Dutch navigator, when he sailed up Long Island Sound in 1614, examining the coast as he went along, and describing the rivers and harbors and other details of it in his log-book. At that time the Pequot Indians owned the country. The Dutch at Manhattan traded with them for a while, but the first settlements in their country were made from Massachusetts. The Pequots were lively, bad Indians, who made trouble for the frontier settlements of Connecticut. It became necessary to clean them out. That was done effectually by Mason and Underhill, British captains, who raised the settlers against them, surrounded their camp at Pequot Hill, five miles east of the Thames, and killed seven hundred of them, including many women. This exploit was accomplished in 1637. There was no more trouble with the Pequots, and in 1641 and 1643 John Winthrop the younger obtained grants of land at the mouth of the Thames. In 1645 preparations were begun for a settlement on the present site of New London, and on May 6, 1646, Winthrop's commission as Governor of the Pequot country was issued. The settlement presently separated from Massachusetts and joined itself to Connecticut. After trying several names—Pequot, Nameaug, Faire Harbour—it finally called itself New London. Under that title it persisted and flourished. For many years it was Connecticut's chief seaport. Its colonial and Revolutionary history is full of interest and importance. During the Revolution it was a famous nest of privateers, and a favorite point for hatching out naval schemes and despatching expeditions. It was a chief centre of the West Indian trade while that flourished, and in the first half of the present century came next to New Bedford in the size of its whaling fleet.

The city now has 16,000 inhabitants, grows yearly in reputation as a summer resort and as the scene of college boat-races, and thrives also on its commercial side. Its celebration this week began on Tuesday with a memorial meeting, which was followed on Wednesday by the ceremonies attending the laying of the corner-stone of a monument to Governor Winthrop, and the dedication of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, given by the sons of Joseph Lawrence to the city.

General Grant's birthday fell on April 27th, but Brooklyn's equestrian statue of him was unveiled on Saturday, the 25th, for the interesting reason that Police Commissioner Frederick Grant, whose presence at the unveiling was desired, had a long-standing engagement to be in Philadelphia on the 27th and help to unveil a statue of his father there. Republics have the reputation of being ungrateful, but at least this republic seems not to be unmindful of General Grant.

Grant is the first man to bestride a bronze horse in the streets of Brooklyn. The statue of him which was uncovered on the 25th is the work of William Ordway Partridge, a Brooklyn sculptor, and stands in front of Brooklyn's Union League Club House, on that part of Bedford Avenue which is now to be known as Grant Square. The idea of having it took shape at a dinner of the Union League Club in 1892, and the statue is the gift of the club to the city of Brooklyn. The day of the unveiling was a memorable one in Brooklyn. There were more flags in sight than Brooklyn ever saw before, and a hundred thousand enthusiastic people took part in the celebration. Governor Morton and his staff were there, and General Miles, and Mrs. Grant and most of her children and grandchildren. General Grant's grandson and namesake pulled the ropes that drew the draperies from about the statue; there were speeches of presentation and acceptance, a brilliant procession, and cheering and martial music and the booming of great guns.

The statue is of bronze, fifteen feet eight inches high, and stands on a granite block sixteen feet high.

New York is to spend $800,000 for a bigger and more commodious prison. The front of the Tombs is to be torn down, and the new building erected on its site is to connect with the present wings. The Tombs, as it is, is highly interesting to persons who view it from the outside, but exceeding unfit for the use of less fortunate citizens who have to make it their residence. About five hundred prisoners live in it just now, in a space inadequate for half that number. The prison employés, too, are huddled together in quarters scandalously contracted. Any one who

(*Continued on page 477.*)

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvellous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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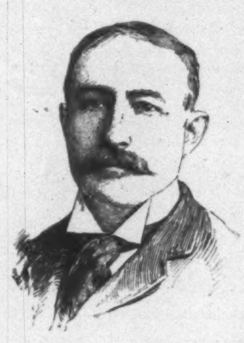
THIS BUSY WORLD

(*Continued from page 475.*)

feels disposed to lament that the city is about to lose its most striking example of Egyptian architecture is invited to brood on the considerations which prompt the change, and to rejoice that at last it is imminent.


JOHN HAYS HAMMOND.

Playing with fire is a poor game for people who are averse to burning their fingers, and it is probable that Mr. John Hays Hammond and his associates weighed the possibilities and the cost of failure against the advantages of success before they took up arms against the government under which they had seen fit to cast their lot in South Africa. It is reported that Mr. Hammond receives a salary of sixty thousand dollars a year, which, it might seem, should reconcile a man to living under a much worse system than that of the Boers. Many men living under the old Tammany régime in New York have received less without feeling it necessary to have recourse to force and arms to bring about an era of reform.

But, however much Mr. Hammond may have justified his action, he probably regretted it when the court pronounced on him the sentence of death. Even though he may have been morally certain that the extreme penalty had been inflicted on him for the purpose of emphasizing the magnanimity of Oom Paul's prompt commutation of sentence, the feeling of the halter around one's neck for the briefest time must be exceedingly uncomfortable; and all of us who have ever chafed under an administration in which we have had practically no voice will rejoice that our compatriot's ill-judged efforts have had no more serious results.

E. S. MARTIN.

WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON has been flooded with buttons of all the Presidential candidates; but, unfortunately for the illustrated candidates, the button-collector appeared, and instead of wearing the buttons in their lapels, the intelligent populace of the capital has taken to hoarding these campaign ornaments.

A few evenings ago the Arbitration Conference assembled here proposed a public meeting, to which the President, Vice-President, and all the members of the committees on Foreign Relations of the Senate and House respectively were invited. The chairman of one of these committees realized that should all these distinguished persons be present at the meeting the European press might assert that the administration had given a semi-official endorsement to the conference. Accordingly, the President went on a fishing excursion, and a clever diplomat invited the Vice-President and members of the committees dealing with the foreign affairs of the government to a dinner at his home. That gave them all a valid excuse for staying away from the public meeting, and a crisis was thus averted.

W. E. C.

CHICAGO.

SOME unguarded utterances of a Baptist clergyman, Dr. Henson by name, on the subject of the University of Chicago, have caused a little flurry in educational circles. Dr. Henson's theology is of the fine old crusted sort, and quite impervious to such modern fads as evolution and the higher criticism. On the occasion of a recent visit to Kansas City he seems to have been in an expansive mood, and unbosomed himself to a chance acquaintance. A day or two later his remarks found their way into one of the newspapers, considerably heightened in effect by journalistic coloring of the usual sort. He was represented as saying that President Harper had been running the university as a "breeding-place of agnosticism and a destroyer of the old faith in the Bible," that Colonel Ingersoll would be preferable to the present incumbent as the head of the institution, and that the founder, the trustees, and the faculty were all puppets in the hands of the executive. These sayings looked a little startling in cold print, and Dr. Henson, when subsequently interviewed upon the subject, expressed considerable indignation at the violation of confidence of which he had been made a victim. But his revised version of the conversation did not help matters much. He still complained that most of the professors were "thorough-paced evolutionists," that "a man who has a recognized standing as a Christian teacher, if he insidiously undermined faith in the foundations of Christianity, was capable of doing greater mischief than an avowed and blatant infidel," and that Dr. Harper and his colleagues were "as grossly mistaken as was Saul of Tarsus before his conversion." All of this is only an expression of the exasperation which has been felt by a few old-fashioned theologians upon witnessing the organization and growth of the university upon the non-sectarian basis, which is the only one possible for a great institution of learning. The fundamental law of the university, the document under whose provisions it was incorporated, expressly provides that no religious test or profession shall ever be required for election to the faculty. This provision has been carried out both in the letter and the spirit, and it is simply disingenuous to assert that the institution is sailing under false colors. Two or three millions of dollars have been contributed to the university, and nearly all the buildings upon the campus erected by donors who are not Baptists, and upon the distinct pledge that the management shall never, in any essential respect, be restricted by sectarianism.

W. M. P.

BOSTON.

THE Somerville (Massachusetts) School Board is sorely troubled by the fact that women teachers often resign, in order to get married, in the middle of the school year, thus unsettling orderly instruction. At the last meeting of the board a resolution was adopted providing that all elections of teachers should be conditional upon an agreement that they shall remain in the employ of the city until the close of the school year, unless they shall resign by reason of professional advancement or for causes entirely beyond their control. One of the members of the board declared his belief that the order would be "inert." It remains to be seen whether Love will laugh at school boards as well as at locksmiths.

Yale is bestirring herself to wrest the laurel wreath of debate from her rival, Harvard. The latter university has been always successful in these contests, and now that all athletic meetings between the two ancient rivals are off, the interest in the "Debate" has greatly increased. One of the three Harvard debaters, F. R. Steward, '96, is the first colored student who has been chosen to represent Harvard in an inter-collegiate debate. He hails from Fort Missoula, Montana, where his father is chaplain for the Twenty-fifth Infantry. The other Harvard speakers are A. M. Sayre, a special student, and W. B. Parker, '97. The Yale representatives are A. P. Stokes, Jun., '96, W. H. Clark, '96, and B. S. Baldwin, of the Law School. Whatever the result of the debate may be, all athletic features, like those exhibited in the recent inkstand-throwing contest between two members of Congress, will be omitted.

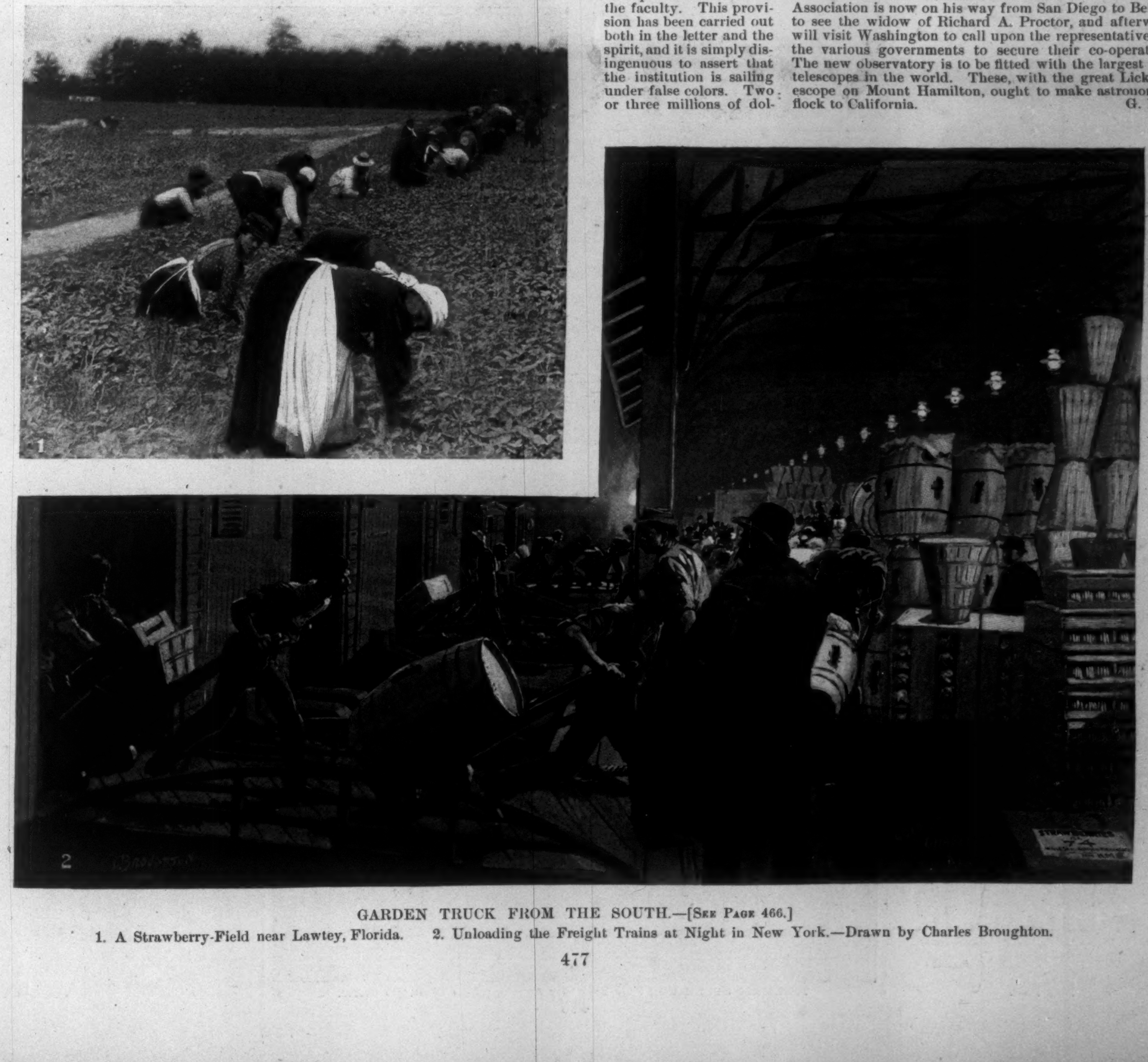
J. T. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

FROM the South Seas, that were shrouded in mystery till Stevenson and Louis Becker lifted the veil, comes the story of another sovereign thrown out upon the world. Queen Mamea has sold her kingdom—one-half of the island of Raiatea, in the Tahiti group—for 4000 francs. In 1842 the French took Raiatea. One-half of the population submitted with a good grace; the other refused to capitulate, built a high stone wall across the island, and lived on the far side of it in a state of revolt. A few months ago a French gunboat appeared at their side, and by its menacing aspect crushed the rebellion of a half-century. Queen Mamea, who is twenty-two and has a dowry of 4000 francs, will, like her compeers, Liliuokalani and Kiaulana, be added to the list of throneless queens.

There is a plan on foot to erect the largest astronomical observatory in the world on the summit of Mount San Miguel, near San Diego. The observatory is to be an international one. A member of the Proctor Memorial Association is now on his way from San Diego to Belfast to see the widow of Richard A. Proctor, and afterward will visit Washington to call upon the representatives of the various governments to secure their co-operation. The new observatory is to be fitted with the largest two telescopes in the world. These, with the great Lick telescope on Mount Hamilton, ought to make astronomers flock to California.

G. B



GARDEN TRUCK FROM THE SOUTH.—[SEE PAGE 466.]

1. A Strawberry-Field near Lawtey, Florida. 2. Unloading the Freight Trains at Night in New York.—Drawn by Charles Broughton.

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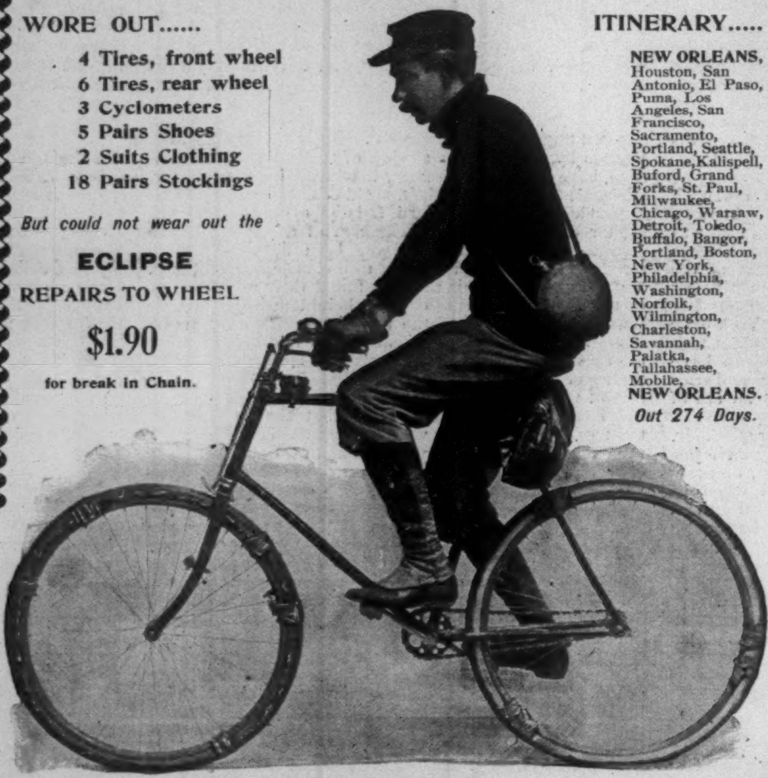

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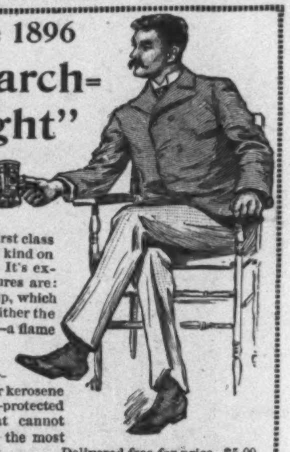

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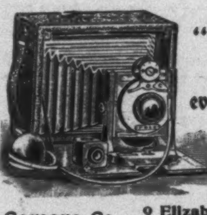

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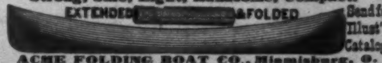

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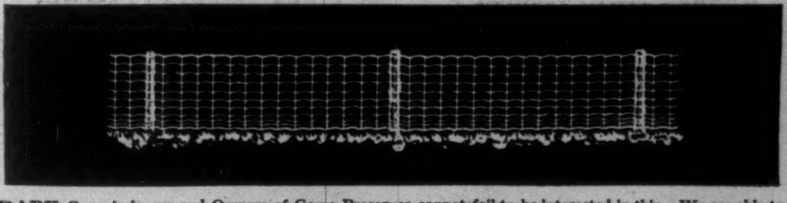

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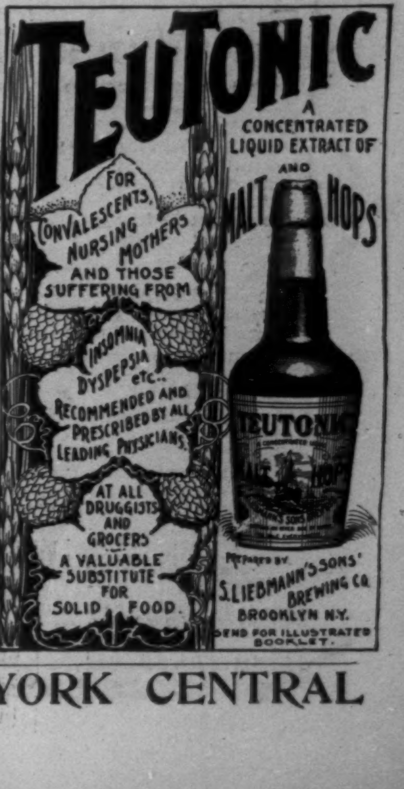

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